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THE EDITOR cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscripts.

It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the PUBLISHER, and not to the EDITOR.

## LITERATURE.

"Calendar of State Papers."—*Domestic Series of the Reign of Charles I., 1644.* Edited by W. D. Hamilton. (Printed for H.M. Stationery Office.)

To all investigators of the history of the Civil War Mr. Hamilton's new volume will be most welcome. It will come upon many of them as a pleasant surprise that documents here calendared range over no more than nine months—from the beginning of January, 1644, to the end of September, 1644. This means that Mr. Hamilton has no longer had to deal with the meagre pickings with which he was compelled to be content so long as he had to do with the first sixteen months of the war. That he has more to give us is owing to two causes—first, the success of the Parliamentary armies in intercepting a considerable number of Royalist despatches; and, secondly, the complete preservation, so far as these nine months are concerned, of all the books of the Committee of Both Kingdoms. These books fall under three heads—first, the day books, which give us the minutes of every day's proceedings; secondly, the books of "letters sent," which give us the orders of the Committee to the generals; and, thirdly, the books of "letters received," which give us the reports of the generals. These latter are, as Mr. Hamilton truly says, the fullest of interesting matter, and, unhappily, they are just those which fail us the soonest. The letters of Fairfax while he was engaged on the fruitless operations round Oxford before he received permission to enter upon the march which led to Naseby would, indeed, have been worth reading; but they have gone, perhaps, to light a kitchen fire, or to form a dunce's cap for some idle schoolboy.

Mr. Hamilton is a practised hand at the work of calendaring; but it is impossible not to regret his decision to give everything either in his own words or, in cases when he preserves the language of the document, without distinctive marks of quotation. There are many documents, and there are parts of almost every document, which are most fitly abbreviated by the editor; but in important passages it is of immense advantage to have the original phraseology, and know exactly where the original phraseology is preserved. As Mr. Hamilton's own rendering of such passages is very full, the space which he has allotted to himself would only be slightly exceeded in consequence of his adoption of the more scholarlike method. Passing over this subject of complaint, the reader will have little to urge against the matter of the present calendar. It is much to have in handy form the letters which passed to and fro between the governing committee and the officers who commanded at the siege of York,

at Marston Moor, at Cropredy Bridge, and at Lostwithiel.

Of Mr. Hamilton's preface it is only in the part in which he gives an account of the documents used by him that it is possible to speak in terms of unqualified praise. No doubt a mere slip of the pen will account for the fact that a reference at p. xiv. to an intercepted letter of Lord Goring, as calendared at p. 316, ought to have been a reference to one of Lord Digby's, the passage in question being calendared at p. 317. Unfortunately Mr. Hamilton's weakness cannot be accounted for by any such simple explanation. He has attempted to write a historical sketch of a most important period without being possessed of historical insight. His remark on the quarrel between Cromwell and Manchester is

"that they did not suffer these bickerings to interfere with their devotion to the best interests of the nation, as they respectively regarded them, the aim of both evidently being the restoration of liberty, founded on constitutional rights."

It would have been so easy not to say anything about Cromwell and Manchester that one feels some surprise at anyone feeling the obligation to print such a meaningless sentence as this. As the two men had absolutely different conceptions of what liberty was, and as Cromwell's view of constitutional rights was well expressed in the phrase attributed to him, that if he met the king in battle he would as soon pistol him as any man, it seems hardly worth while to lay stress on a mere verbal agreement between him and Manchester, even if so much as that could be shown to have existed.

How difficult it is to persuade Mr. Hamilton's mind to travel beyond the walls of the Record Office is, however, best shown by a passage in which he imagines himself to have overthrown an argument that the younger Vane was employed just before the battle of Marston Moor in suggesting to the three Parliamentary generals a scheme for the deposition of Charles.

"It has been suggested," he says, "that Vane's mission had a political object, no less than the deposition of Charles, and that the military question was but of secondary consideration, otherwise it would have been better to have sent an experienced soldier to confer with the allied generals. It is sufficient to state that no such commission appears to have been entrusted to Vane, so far as the papers in this collection show, though Vane's letters to the Committee are very lengthy and full of information."

*O sancta simplicitas!* Does Mr. Hamilton really think that any sane person would have imagined that Vane received instructions from the Committee to treat for the king's deposition? or that his public despatches to that very miscellaneous body would by any possibility be found to contain the slightest hint on the subject? That the negotiation was entrusted to Vane rests on the authority of two foreign ambassadors; and if anyone likes to argue that their evidence is dubious, he is at full liberty to do so. But we may be quite sure that, if their story is true, Vane only received instructions from the little knot of Independents on the Committee, that those instructions were verbally conveyed, and that the report which he had to give was not committed to writing.

Another statement of Mr. Hamilton's is

calculated to raise hopes unfortunately not likely to be fulfilled. He accounts for the thinness of the materials for his last volume partly on the ground of "the Parliament's papers remaining in the private libraries of the families whose ancestors took leading parts in the constitutional struggle." Unfortunately, this is not the case. Many of Lenthall's papers are preserved in the Tanner Collection in the Bodleian Library, and some—only a few of which are of any great value—are in the possession of the Duke of Portland; but where is the correspondence of Say and Sele, Manchester, Essex, Hampden, Pym, or St. John? A few scanty fragments exist, and that is all. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that their letters were deliberately destroyed, perhaps at the approach of the Restoration.

SAMUEL R. GARDINER.

*Richard Chenevix Trench, Archbishop: Letters and Memorials.* Edited by the Author of "Charles Lowder." In 2 vols. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

WHETHER a place be conceded to Archbishop Trench among the great men of the past half century or not, it must at least be allowed that he was largely mixed up with great minds and great matters. The influence which he exerted over those who had control in church and state was considerable; but we think the unconscious influence of his writings, his example and—if one may use the expression—his presence was even more considerable. The important part he had to take in connexion with the Disestablishment of the Irish Church was not a congenial one. The nice critic is not likely to become, by the mere force of circumstances, the great statesman; and the controversial attitude which, in the drawing-up of the Irish Prayer Book, he was compelled to adopt does not show him at his best. In truth, it may be doubted whether he would not have done better service to the church he so warmly loved, and have won for himself a higher reputation, if he had never quitted the deanery of Westminster. The whole cast of his mind was reflective. He was a man of thought rather than of action; and probably nothing but a strong sense of duty compelled him to turn from the studies in which he delighted and the society which delighted in him to the throne of Dublin, around which clouds of threatening storms had begun to gather. But danger never made him hesitate to take any step he thought right; and if his intense Anglicanism coloured his views in an unmistakeable way, his courage, his patience, his innate sense of justice, and his purity of motive combined to keep him out of the doubtful paths of mere expediency.

The interest of these volumes, which we have been tardy in noticing, is unquestionable. A bare recital of the names of Dr. Trench's correspondents would be enough to prove that point. Himself a man of letters, he was in constant correspondence with the foremost men in the literary world. A theologian of no mean repute, he was in touch with other students of theology. Called upon to reconstruct a disestablished church, he was associated with the leading statesmen of his time. Sterling, Maurice, Arthur Hallam, Donne, and

Julius Hare—these are the names which in the earlier portions of his correspondence are of most frequent recurrence. Later on, Samuel Wilberforce and Dr. Neale figure most prominently; while in the arduous task of settling the Irish Church, he was in constant communication with Gladstone, Liddon, and Pusey. It will be seen that in volumes constructed out of such materials there must be abundant variety. They reflect the archbishop's own many-sidedness. Poet, enthusiast, scholar, theologian, and statesman—he was all these and something better than all combined. "I have cared for a good Greek play as much as for most things," he said not long before his death, "but it does not do to die upon."

The earlier letters seem to us to be by far the most interesting. Fifty years ago letter-writing was an accomplishment which a man of culture thought it worth while to acquire. It went out with the introduction of newspaper; and we are all of us in too great a hurry nowadays to read—much more to write—a genuine letter such as Trench was wont to interchange with his intimate friends in the "thirties." It is difficult to select a specimen of his style; but the following extract from a letter, dated July 16, 1831, and addressed to John Mitchell Kemble—the Anglo-Saxon scholar, and one of his best correspondents—is characteristic of the writer:

"What are your notions about the Reform Bill? I confess myself much alarmed, and do not look at it with that eye of favour which everybody seems to expect one should. If anomalies are once to justify alterations, there is no reason why we should stop till we have got everywhere an equal proportion of population returning the same number of members. I wish we had a Burke or a Sully, or anyone who loved to stand on the ancient ways, to arrest them in their march. However, this country will go to wreck before England. I hate the Orangemen, who are sanguinary and violent, and yet I see in them the last hope of Ireland. Exasperation will lose Ireland, conciliation will lose it equally. We are in a dilemma of destruction. Did I possess any property in this country, I would sell it at any loss whatsoever."

And, again, writing in the same melancholy spirit to W. B. Donne, he says:

"We are fallen upon evil days. Happy are they who, like you, have withdrawn from the sorrow of the time! England does not seem to guess what is coming upon her, but still sits alone like a queen, and says she shall know no sorrow. None will pause and listen to the beatings of 'the prophetic heart of the great world, dreaming of things to come.' I shun speaking of Irish affairs; they are so miserable and full of despair."

We have here as elsewhere evidence of that sad, foreboding nature which left its impress upon his poetry, and showed itself outwardly in his somewhat gloomy features. They were often lit up with the fire of enthusiasm, just as his habitual gravity was tempered by a keen appreciation of wit and humour; but, both in his looks and in his conversation, sombreness predominated. Perhaps his association with Ireland may have deepened it in him; but the tendency to gloom was probably inherited from his Huguenot ancestors. For Trench was less an Irishman than a Frenchman. His father's family traced back to an emigrant, Frederic de la Tranche, who

settled in England in 1574; while on his mother's side, the Archbishop was almost purely French—the grandfather of Bishop Chenevix of Waterford, Philip Chenevix d'Ely, of Lorraine, having taken refuge in England on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. It may be doubted whether he ever understood Irishmen, and certainly he had no high opinion of their powers for achieving national greatness. Writing to his friend Donne in February 1833, he says:

"I deplore with you the present state and the prospects of Ireland. Laws may create a polity from the strong ferment of barbarism, but cannot cure the lingering debility of an outworn people, and, what is worse, the spreading of inveterate decay. The Irish possessed a pure and spiritual Church, and an enlightened Church government when Columba went forth to the Western Isles and the Rhine as a missionary. They forewent the privilege, and the present condition is one of the countless proofs which history gives that the palmy state of a people can never return."

One turns from this topic, which long since lost all freshness, to the letters on theological and other subjects which passed between Trench and John Sterling. Those from the latter, after having been ordained curate to the parish of Hurstmonceux, are particularly interesting. After discussing the then moot subject of subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles as a necessary preliminary to entrance at the universities, he adds:

"I must, however, tell you that I myself am a far more hesitating Church reformer and amender of the Articles than I was. Not that I do not think we should be well rid of a dozen of them which determine points that might just as well be left open; but because I see more and more clearly the great unfitness of our present clergy to meddle in such a work. My two great practical objects, had I any power, would be to mend the education of the clergy at the universities, and to bring a very much larger body of our teachers to bear on our population, especially in towns."

One, at least, of these objects is being accomplished by the University Extension lectures and classes, while of the former it may be said that the establishment of theological colleges has done something in the way of "mending" the special training of the clergy. In truth, no one contributed more to this end than Trench himself. His reputation was largely made by the lectures he delivered at King's College; and they form, in our opinion, his most substantial contribution to English literature. In so saying we do not disparage his poetic gift. Sterling, no mean critic, speaks of his first published volume—*The Story of Justin Martyr, and other Poems*—in terms of warm admiration; but the warmth is evidently due in large degree to affection for the author, and he does not hesitate to point out some defects in a later volume. Our own criticism has perhaps gone far enough. We find it a difficult matter to indicate with any degree of precision the contents of this collection of "Letters and Memorials." It would be easy to fill pages with extracts from the correspondence and still to leave untouched much of the greatest interest and value. Archbishop Trench, by his rare combination of learning, poetry, piety, and courtesy, gathered round himself an unusually large and varied circle of friends; while even those outside

who could not share in his opinions were attracted by the beauty of his character and by the example of his well-spent laborious life. Dean Church sums up thus felicitously what those who knew him best desired to say: "There was in him an imaginative love of truth, as not merely true, but beautiful; what others deal with only as divines, he also saw as a poet."

CHARLES J. ROBINSON.

"Great Writers."—*The Life of Heine*. By William Sharp. (Walter Scott.)

An English life of Heine has long been among the things to be desired. Mr. Stigand's is altogether too much a transcript of Strodtmann to reckon as an English work; and, besides being too cumbrous, it has now been for some years behind the time in the matter of information. Admirers of Heine and students alike of humanity and of German literature will, therefore, be grateful to Mr. Sharp for this handy and impartial biography of a man who has hitherto shared with Mr. Sharp's last subject, Shelley, the distinction of scarcely ever being mentioned without misrepresentation. I may as well say at once that those who obtain their knowledge of Heine's life and character from Mr. Sharp will have very little to unlearn or to modify. The few small inaccuracies which I shall presently point out fortunately do not affect the main outlines of the story or seriously alter the view of Heine's character.

The book is, perhaps, open to criticism on the score of the inadequacy of its presentation of Heine as a writer and an intellectual force; but for this Mr. Sharp is not altogether responsible, as the size of the book was necessarily somewhat narrowly limited. I notice, however, an omission or two which are of some importance for the understanding of the poet's personality and character, and which ought to be set right when opportunity presents itself. For instance, Mr. Sharp does not mention the uncertainty about the date of Heine's birth, but assigns that event unhesitatingly to December 13, 1799. Proelss, Heine's latest German biographer, also accepts that date; but he tells us that Strodtmann, on whose work all later biographies necessarily are based, was convinced after the publication of his book that Heine was really born in 1797. The evidence is strangely weak and inconclusive, and the point of no great importance after all; but, if the earlier date could be accepted, we should get rid of the uncomfortable feeling which besets us at the picture of a boy of sixteen in love with two girls so nearly simultaneously as Heine must have been with "Sefchen" and "Molly" if 1799 be the correct date of his birth. For he tells us in his *Memoirs* that the Sefchen episode took place when he was about sixteen; and in his two earliest extant letters, dated respectively July and October, 1816,\* that is to say, when he was between sixteen and seventeen, we find him talking as if his passion for "Molly" were something old established and well known to his boyfriends. In the earlier of these two letters,

\* Mr. Sharp quotes from the second of these as unpublished; but both are included in the twenty-two volume edition of Heine's works, issued in 1876.

indeed, he expects to meet her for the first time for two years in four weeks' space; but there is no word of Sefchen. But whichever view be taken, I think the uncertainty ought to be mentioned. Mr. Sharp also omits to notice Heine's connexion with the "Verein für Kultur und Wissenschaft der Juden"; but, though the "Verein" was short-lived and effected very little, Heine's unselfish labours on its behalf should have been recorded, if only for the sake of softening the impression of egotistical worthlessness which Heine's life is apt to make on a reader, and which the present Life in particular seems to me to produce, perhaps because of its condensation, as the reduction in size of an engraving by photographic or mechanical methods has the effect of blackening the shadows. Mr. Sharp twice mentions Heine and Shelley in the same breath, and in this connexion remarks that "one may enjoy, sympathise with, take endless delight in Heine, but one cannot love him." The reason is not far to seek. One cannot respect him. Shelley had in him something of Don Quixote. Often wrong-headed, he was yet one of those who hunger and thirst after a righteousness beyond that of the scribes and pharisees, and was capable of sacrificing comfort, wealth, prospects, and even life itself, in the pursuit of it; and he was almost destitute of the sense of humour. He was, therefore, always in terrible earnest. Heine was a humourist first, and what else might follow. Thoroughly sceptical, he mocked at the righteousness of the scribes and pharisees; with regard to anything higher, he had enough imagination to conceive it, but as for striving to attain it—"Bah! le jeu n'en valait pas la chandelle." To qualify himself for office under a government which he could not but despise and detest, he committed with open eyes an act of baseness which, failing in its immediate object, flavoured the whole of his after life, and possibly made easier subsequent departures from the line of strictly honourable conduct. There is no blinking the fact. Again and again Heine's biographer has to record actions which it is difficult or impossible to reconcile with the character of an honest man or a gentleman, even as the reader of his works again and again has to wade through or skip over passages which no gentleman (in the best sense of the word) could have written. Whether his great gifts or his intellectual consciousness of the true nature of his acts can be pleaded in extenuation, or should be regarded as aggravating their baseness, I will not decide; but it is important to the world that its great men should be presented to it in as favourable a light as justice and truth will allow. Do not let me be misunderstood. The baseness of Heine's acceptance of Christianity lies entirely in the fact that baptism did not symbolise a change of religion. Had it done so the case would have worn quite another aspect. How he regarded conversion "for a consideration" may be read in his letters, in his tragedy of "Almansor," and in his novel-fragment *The Rabbi of Bacharach*.

Mr. Sharp makes large drafts on the plentiful deposits of autobiographic matter found imbedded in Heine's works; but, like his predecessors, he has scarcely, I think, realised how thoroughly Heine was—to borrow a

phrase from Mr. Hamerton—an artist in words—one, too, who was prepared, if the ordinary materials of his craft failed him, or if it seemed the shortest way to his "effect," to stick in a wafer for the sun or a black paper cutting for a painted dog. Thus, when he says that Sefchen's hair was quite blood-red, or that he and she on a certain occasion sobbed in each other's arms for something like an hour, he is no more to be taken literally than when he describes the clouds taking the form of a procession of the gods of Greece, or exclaims:

"The wretched woman with her tears,  
Her poisonous tears, hath slain me!"

At the same time, these exaggerations are occasionally but a transparent veil thrown over the truth, or the grotesque touches which go to the making of a caricature and yet leave the portrait quite visible. There is a fine specimen of self-portraiture of this sort in the *Rabbi*. A young renegade Jew being reproached with being worse than a Christian, in fact, a heathen, an idolator, answers:

"Yes, I am a heathen. You dust-dry, joyless Hebrews, and yonder gloomy, pain-sick Nazarenes alike repel me. Our Blessed Lady of Sidon, the holy Astarte, forgive me that I bend the knee and pray before the dolorous Mother of the Crucified One! . . . But it is only knee and tongue that do homage to death—the heart is true to life."

I quote this passage because it forcibly presents much of what Heine was and what he remained up to the very end of his life, and because it makes plain the gulf which separates him from Shelley—its breadth is the distance between Our Lady of Sidon and the awful loveliness of Intellectual Beauty. It is doubtful if either of them could have understood the other—a circumstance which makes it the less to be regretted that neither seems to have heard of the other. Heine's most obvious affinity in English literature is with Byron and perhaps, in a slightly less degree only, with Sterne.

Now for the small inaccuracies hinted at above. According to Mr. Sharp, the old one-story house in which Heine was born is still standing. Strodtmann and Proelss both declare it to have been pulled down, and the latter gives a picture of the very respectable three-storied one which occupies the site. At p. 19 Mr. Sharp writes: "The eldest-born of Samson and Elizabeth Heine was actually christened Harry," and in the index he has "baptised Harry." Of course, he means that the young Jew was so named. Then Madame Heine (*mère*) by all testimony was named *Betty*, and not Elizabeth. It was the fashion; the Heine family-tree contains another *Betty*, a *Betsy*, and a *Fanny*; and other instances of the use of English diminutives will easily occur to the reader. And why call the executioner's daughter a Jewess? Heine nowhere, that I can find, calls her so. It was the occupation of her kinsfolk that made them *Pariahs*.

Mr. Sharp usually takes his quotations from Heine's works from some one or other of the published translations—and very wisely, for some of these translations are really excellent—while he himself is at his weakest when translating. Here is his version of the little lion-fountain song in "Almansor,"

which, being rendered in prose, ought to be very exact:

"In the court of the Alhambra stand erect twelve great marble lions; and near by is a mighty basin of purest alabaster.

"Low within this basin float roses in full bloom, wondrous of hue, red, red are they with the blood of the many knights who have made merry at Granada."

The original runs thus:

"In dem Hofe des Alhambra's  
Stehn zwölf Löwensäul' von Marmor,  
Auf dem Löwen steht ein Becken  
Von dem reinsten Alabaster."

"In dem Becken schwimmen Rosen  
Rosen von der schönsten Farbe;  
Das ist Blut der besten Ritter  
Die geleuchtet in Granada."

In summarising the story of the other tragedy—"Edward Ratcliff"—Mr. Sharp makes some curious mistakes. He speaks of an elopement being intercepted; but, in fact, the lady refuses to go, and it is her father, and not her accepted suitor, who is immediately afterwards killed. Nor is Mr. Sharp much happier when translating from the French. Camille Selden writes:

"Que de fois j'ai trouvé Heine couvrant les grandes feuilles de papier blanc, éparses devant lui, de ces vigoureux caractères dont la forme seule trahissait l'audace et la netteté de sa pensée. Le crayon, qui courrait avec une activité fébrile sur les blanches de la page, prenait, entre les doigts effilés du malade, l'inflexibilité d'une arme meurtrière, et semblait raturer des réputations intactes."

Mr. Sharp condenses, and, I think, spoils, this fine descriptive passage thus:

"One day early in February . . . Camille Selden entered his room and saw him covering large sheets of paper with feverish haste, 'with a pencil that assumed the sharpness of a murderous weapon.'"

I have thought it worth while to dwell thus long on what are really small faults because the book is essentially a good one, and, I should think, certain to reach a second edition, in which they can all be corrected with very little trouble. Mr. Sharp's style needs no commendation from me; but I must say that the "summary of Heine's genius," contained in the last few pages, seems to me admirable both in form and substance.

The "bibliography" is tolerably extensive; but there is an edition of Heine's works more complete than the one from which Mr. Sharp has worked, and which is not mentioned—the twenty-two volume edition of 1876. It contains, in addition to the early letters quoted by Mr. Sharp as not included in the "Works," four Sonnets besides those enumerated by him in the *Junge Leiden* series. How much more I cannot say.

R. M'LINTOCK.

*The Kingdom of Georgia: Notes of Travel in a Land of Women, Wine, and Song, &c.*  
By Oliver Wardrop. (Sampson Low.)

In a recent number of the ACADEMY (December 8) the want of a guide-book to Georgia in the English language was deplored. Mr. Weidenbaum had given us an excellent work in Russian, but it was a closed book to the majority. At length something in the way of a guide, with the addition of *souvenirs de voyage*, has been furnished by Mr. Oliver

Wardrop. The interesting books on travel in Georgia by Commander Buchan Telfer, Mr. Bryce, and the sportsmen and mountain-climbers who have visited the Caucasus have told Englishmen of the magnificent scenery; but little or nothing has been written about the history of the country, and its literature has been completely ignored. A cordial welcome, therefore, is due to Mr. Wardrop, who takes us from Batum to Tiflis and elsewhere. His description of the new Russian port is graphic; but, as the place is in a transitional state, much of what he writes will, we fear, soon become antiquated. In a short time a handsome city will supply the place of the filthy Turkish village, just as the dignified Odessa has obliterated all traces of the alleys and shanties of Hodjia.

The sketches of the chief places traversed by the railway are well drawn; but our author becomes more copious when he reaches Tiflis, one of the most charming cities of the world. We do not agree with him in seeing a connexion between its name and the Indo-European root *tep*, as in *tepidus*, *τέφρα*, &c. There is nothing Indo-European about Georgian. It has only three congeners—Lazi, Suani, and Mingrelian. The resemblance is merely accidental, and must no more be pushed, as the phrase is, than the Slavonic scholar's identification of *kniga*, "book," with the Chinese *king*. Mr. Wardrop has much that is interesting to tell us about the strange old city; and in his account of the leading inhabitants he does not forget to mention Prince Chavchavadze—a true patriot, and one who has earned a very honourable place in the literature of his country. His portrait is given together with that of Prince Machabeli, who deserves the sympathies of Englishmen for his translation into Georgian of some of Shakspere's plays.

The early history of the Kartweli, as they style themselves, is hidden in obscurity. Certainly they are a most ancient people, and their territory at one time extended much further than the lands they now occupy. They have been driven more and more up to the spurs of the mountains. As to the mysterious King Pharnavaz—reputed to have invented the pretty "civil" alphabet, as it is called, in opposition to the ecclesiastical—he must be considered more or less of a myth. With David II., the founder of the line of the Bagratids, who came to the throne in 1089, we get a good starting-point. In 1184 we have the accession of the celebrated Queen Tamara, who has left her name in the popular traditions, but surrounded with legend. This was the golden age of Georgia in political prosperity and intellectual development. The traveller in the country is struck at the present day with the number of buildings with which her name is associated in the belief of the people.

The annals of the Georgian sovereigns are difficult to trace. To the English reader there appear to be lists of Davids, Bagrats, and Vakhtangs in endless confusion. The indefatigable Brosset edited and translated into French a collection of these chronicles; but they are not trustworthy. We can trace the contemporary writer in his eagerness to magnify the reigning dynasty throughout his narrative. Whenever we look for any of the events of Georgian history which can be

learned from the ancients or later authorities, we only find disagreement. It is as bad as trying to reconcile the Persian kings of Herodotus and Ctesias. In our youth we used to hear a great deal about the mendacity of the court-physician of Artaxerxes; but now Prof. Sayce has told us we must believe in him. The Georgian chroniclers know nothing of the Pharasmanes, with whom Vespasian made the alliance, testified by the interesting stone found near Mtaketh, the solitary Roman inscription discovered in the land. Moreover, these chroniclers have little but bloodshed to speak of. The country has suffered terribly from Tatar, Circassian, Persian, and Turk. These barbarians have poured their hordes into the charming valleys, and have left nothing but smoking ruins behind them. Sometimes Mussulman dynasties have held sway in Christian Tiflis. When Chardin visited the city in the latter part of the seventeenth century, he found a Persian sovereign enthroned. To these inroads of foreign foes must be added internal struggles. The country, instead of presenting a united front, was broken up into petty principalities, full of local feuds. We have kings of Mingrelia, kings of Imretia, and other subdivisions. Thus, during the whole of last century, Georgia was steadily losing ground, large parts of her territory were appropriated by the Turks, and the inhabitants forced to adopt the creed of Islam. One instance will suffice. The Lazis—a people of Georgian race, who stretch along the seaboard of the Euxine as far as Trebizonde—have almost entirely lost their language, and have become the bitter foes of their Georgian brothers who have remained Christian. The Turks have found no more enthusiastic supporters.

Remembering these facts, we are unable to sympathise with Mr. Wardrop in his lamentations over the annexation of Georgia by Russia. It seems to us that had not this voluntary cession on the part of the inhabitants taken place, Georgia must have been obliterated from the list of peoples. She has endured so much from her Moslem invaders that nothing could have been more ridiculous than the attempt of Omar Pasha to raise the native populations against the Russians. The recollections of these struggles are not effaced. In 1795 the last great invasion of Georgia occurred. Aga Mohammed, the Shah of Persia, took Tiflis by storm, and the city was almost levelled with the ground. The aged king Heraclius managed to escape, but only survived the disaster three years. In 1800 Georgia was formally incorporated with Russia.

The chapter on the language and literature of Georgia which Mr. Wardrop has added to his book will furnish interesting information to many people on an obscure subject. He has collected much curious matter; and, perhaps, the account of Shota Rustaveli, the poet of the twelfth century, whose romantic epic, entitled "The Man in the Panther's Skin," has come down to us, will be read with the keenest pleasure. The handsome edition of this work published this year at Tiflis will help to diffuse the knowledge of it. It was issued by the "Society for the Spread of Education among those who speak Georgian," which the Russian Government allows to carry on its labours, in curious contrast with the

Turkish treatment of the Armenians. The sale of all books of Armenian history and secular literature is strictly forbidden in Turkey. The Georgian society not only possesses a valuable library at Tiflis, but from time to time reprints the works of the old Georgian authors, such as the interesting version of the *Anvar-i-Suhaili*, partly made by King Vakhtang VI.; the works of Sulkhan Orbeliani, and the Visramiani. The poem on Queen Tamara by Chakhkruhadze, from which Mr. Wardrop quotes, has, unless we are mistaken, been edited by Father Josseliani, who published many specimens of old Georgian literature. Consisting as it does of epithets merely, it is a curiosity and nothing more; and it may be compared with the Gaelic poem on the battle of Harlaw in 1411, which is made up of many stanzas consisting entirely of adverbs.

It is only with the political views of Mr. Wardrop that we cannot sympathise, and we must altogether take exception to the title of his book. He has no grounds for holding out to Russophobist Englishmen hopes that Georgia would or could declare her independence, if Russia became involved in a great war. Her people are numerically too few. Even her capital, Tiflis, is crowded with Armenians—an alien race, who have no common traditions with the Georgians. The very divisions among the Caucasian tribes enables Russia to hold the country as we do India.

The bibliography at the end of the book is very valuable. We see by a notice in the *Journal Asiatique* that a translation of "The Man in the Panther's Skin" into French is about to appear. Among the works on Georgian philology Mr. Wardrop might have mentioned the "Mingrelian Studies" of Tsagarelli and the excellent Chrestomathy of Chubinov; and, while speaking of the literature, he should have added an account of the magazine *Tsiskari*. We are uncertain whether it still appears, but the numbers already published form a goodly array of volumes. Finally, while congratulating Mr. Wardrop on his very pleasant book, let us hope that it will induce travellers to visit one of the most picturesque countries of the world.

W. R. MORFILL.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*The Dean's Daughter.* By Sophie F. F. Veitch. In 2 vols. (Alexander Gardner.)

*Dagmar.* By Helen Shipton. In 3 vols. (Smith & Innes.)

*Miss Hildreth.* By A. de Grasse Stevens. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

*The Blossom and the Fruit.* By Mabel Collins. (Published by the Author.)

*The Spell of Ashtaroth.* By Duffield Osborne. (Sampson Low.)

*Delamar's Fetich.* (Field & Tuer.)

*Proposals.* (Ward & Downey.)

*Nan, &c.* By L. B. Walford. (Spencer Blackett.)

MISS SOPHIE VEITCH's new story is not so strong in incident as *Angus Graeme* or *James Hepburn*, but it is infinitely stronger in character-analysis. So remarkable is *The*

*Dean's Daughter* in this respect, so absolutely English is it, moreover, that had not Miss Veitch's name appeared on the title-page, I should not have supposed it to be hers. Though not her most stirring, it is by far the ablest work she has written. The passages in it which deal with the morally distorted and tragic passion of Vera Dormer recall to some extent the vanished hand of the author of *Jane Eyre*; while the account of Vera's life as a girl and of her experiences in a cathedral town remind one frequently of Mrs. Oliphant, and occasionally of the late Mr. Anthony Trollope. Miss Veitch will, indeed, find it difficult to defend the morality of her heroine's action in perjuring herself in court, and incurring a term of penal servitude, to save from disgrace the man whom she worships and who worships her, but who is, at the same time, the husband of another woman. There is no defence for it at all, except the doctrine that intensity and unselfishness of passion (if passion be ever quite unselfish) sanction the most extraordinary deflections from the straight path of conduct—conduct not in the conventional, but in the Arnoldian, sense. Happily, *The Dean's Daughter* may be considered apart from all the perilous questions associated with the casuistry of the emotions which it inevitably raises. The story of the will which leads up to Vera Dormer's perjury is genuinely dramatic in its leading features. Then there are at least four characters in *The Dean's Daughter*—the irritable and capricious Colonel L'Estrange, his patient nephew Conrad, the fussy Aunt Marion, and the schemer Gilbert Wilbraham—that are marked by strong and sustained individuality. It may be matter for regret that Adrian Warren should have entered into the life of Vera Dormer at all; but the fact of his doing so leads to perhaps the most startling episode in the book—the rapid ride of Vera to save Warren from being murdered. The only portion of a singularly strong plot which might well have been omitted without disadvantage, and even with advantage as regards the main lines of the story, is the flirtation of Major Fordham with the weakly selfish Edith Mason. *The Dean's Daughter* firmly establishes Miss Veitch's position among the upper ten of the female novelists of the day.

*Dagmar* is one of those terribly well-intentioned, yet provokingly dreary and monotonous books that suggest baldness, rather than premature greyness of hair, as the penalty for reading them. It is, in reality, nothing more than a study of two persons—Dagmar and her lover Maurice—in all their moods and their by no means exciting or extraordinary experiences, with some rural and country-house life thrown in. There is no reason whatever why all that they do and all that they say which is for any reason worth reading should not have been put into one volume. This is practically all that need, or, indeed, can, be said of this portentous, yet not ill-written, book. It is so singularly devoid of everything having the slightest approach to naughtiness that one is surprised, if not shocked, to learn that so well nurtured a girl as Dagmar Tyndal should, on finding a large locket which had been originally round the neck of Maurice Claughton, "after hesitating a moment, loosen her collar, fasten the chain

round her neck, and let the locket slip down and nestle against the warm whiteness of her bosom." This may be allowable at the beginning of a third volume, but scarcely at the end of a first.

*Miss Hildreth* is an interesting story of America and Russia, of murder, mystery, flirtation, fascination, cruelty, and Siberia, written, however, in far too grandiose a style. It would be difficult to find elsewhere a more gorgeous passage than this :

"The silver rays touched with seeming tenderness the dark hair rolled high upon the little head, and fell across the white neck, half concealed by a fleecy drapery gathered together carelessly, and held by one slender hand in a long loose glove; they struck cool and sharp on the sweeping lines of the dress, accentuating each fold of the silken texture and threw into bold relief the soft pallor of the delicately rounded face, lingering longest where the dark brows made a mystery of the eyes, and kissing the curved lips that now were set and defiant; illuminating and defining each gracious curve and outline of the graceful form, with the same ethereal brilliancy that transformed the trickling fountain into an elixir of life and awakened the leaf-god Narcissus into perennial youthfulness."

It is far too much in the spirit of this passage that *Miss Hildreth* is written. Yet the plot of the story is well constructed and its secret is admirably preserved. It would not be quite fair to reveal how it comes about that the rivalry of two agents of the Czar for the hand of an heiress affects and is affected by Patricia Hildreth's little plot for bringing back to his old allegiance the man whom she has thrown aside. It is enough to say that the connexion is clearly established and cleverly sustained. The writer of *Miss Hildreth*, who is, in all probability, a lady, gives pictures of society both in Russia and in the United States. Her American sketches are, however, decidedly her best.

Apart from occultism, *The Blossom and the Fruit*, or the story of the influence exerted on each other's lives by the three leading personages in it, the Princess Fleta, Father Amyot, and Hilary Estanol, can hardly be regarded as specially interesting. It is indeed written by an occultist for occultists. To the uninitiated, plot and incidents alike will seem the maddest of phantasies. There are some descriptive passages of great beauty, however, which prove that the author of *The Prettiest Woman in Warsaw* is improving, not falling off, as a stylist.

*The Spell of Ashtaroth* belongs to the same order of fiction as General Lew Wallace's *Ben Hur* and Dr. Walsh's *Mary, the Queen of the House of David*. Like them, it is an attempt to give an air of essentially modern reality to a particular portion of the Biblical narrative, without any infusion or insinuation of modern rationalism. Inferior to *Ben Hur* in imaginative sweep and literary distinction, it is superior to *Mary* in condensation, and has a swing both in plot and style that is all its own. Mr. Osborne has undoubtedly the power of writing animated narrative, although, in some of his descriptions, he also undoubtedly reminds one, if not of Mr. G. P. R. James, certainly of Mrs. Bray, as when he dilates on "the nose clean cut, broad at the nostrils, and slightly aquiline, the mouth firm and deter-

mined, and the chin delicately rounded, perhaps too much so to be in thorough keeping with what was otherwise a strong face."

There is not a weak sentence in this story of the times of Joshua and the conquest of Palestine, though there is many an over-strenuous line. One is never allowed for a moment to lose interest in the young soldier Adriel, who, in the sack of Jericho, falls under the spell of Ashtaroth in the person of the beautiful Elissa, brings, through love for her, military disaster upon his country, yet lives for, and finally dies with, her. What may be termed the sacred episodes in this book—such as the drawing of the lots to ascertain what family it is that, through the infidelity of one of its members to the God of Israel, has placed his countrymen at the mercy of the Canaanites—are told with an impressiveness that is at times positively sombre. The conflict in Adriel's mind between love and patriotism is suggestive of something which might have occurred in a modern story of real life, but yet of the *Robert Elsmere* sort. Still, it makes up in power for what it lacks in reality.

There is a certain commonplaceness about *Delamar's Fetich*. The Riviera that figures in it is everybody's Riviera. It must be allowed, however, that the heroine-villain of the story is such a monstrosity, such a compound of adventuress, siren, and murderess, that she must be allowed to be absolutely original. The local descriptions, too, are obviously reliable. *Les Delices, Massilia*, even

"the dazzling white villas surrounded by gardens containing palm-trees, acacias, and tall eucalyptus-trees, with their cinnamon-coloured trunks and ragged strips of bark, and their sickle-shaped pendulous leaves, which rustled in the breeze and emitted an aromatic resinous odour under the rays of the hot sun,"

have all the look of photographs. But the author is not successful with her (?) four leading characters—Matilda and Griselda, and their respective lovers. Not that they are altogether poor in themselves, but that they are perfunctorily finished. This is especially true of Captain Brown, the admirer of the ill-fated Griselda, who is the raw material—but unhappily the raw material only—of a Bayard or of a Colonel Esmond. The "society" and "literary" scenes, in which Lady Midlothian more especially figures, are a trifle too farcical.

There is a good deal of cleverness, taking, as a rule, the form of mild and feminine Thackerayanism, in *Proposals*, in which a self-conscious young woman, on the eve of her marriage with a prig, tells the story of the various offers of the same kind that preceded his. It may be doubted if this young lady will have many sympathisers; for if occasionally, especially when she was a governess, she had proposals made to her which were in no sense an honour, and indicated snobbishness, if not something worse, on the part of those who made them, she herself was misguided enough to lose her heart to a man who "was indolent and selfish, and had perhaps every fault that could not be called a vice." There are one or two really good pieces of simple and innocent fun, however, in *Proposals*, such as the incident of the journalist-lover and that of the ardent Vicomte, who

looks, however, more like a sketch by Mr. Corney Grain than a portrait drawn from the actual French life of to-day. Altogether, *Proposals*, though slight, is not unpromising.

Mrs. Walford is seen to less advantage in the collection of short stories, of which the first and most ambitious is "Nan," than in her full-length fictions. In them she seems to come into competition with the author of *Molly Bawn*, and to emerge from it only second best. Such short stories, to be even tolerable, ought to be distinguished either by sprightliness in conversation, or by strong emotion; and there is neither the one nor the other in Mrs. Walford's. The plot of several of them, moreover, is decidedly commonplace. "Will Darling's Cross in Love," for example, is nothing but a reproduction of a stale incident—the marriage of a man to the daughter of the woman he had passionately and vainly loved. Some of Mrs. Walford's still-life sketches, however, are almost, if not altogether, delightful, for the morality she indirectly teaches is not only healthy, but stimulating, in virtue of its simplicity. Of this collection, "Nan," and "The History of an Evening," are the best, as being the most artistic; and that not so much because, as in spite, of their being, in respect of sentiment, of the flimsiest material.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

#### SOME BOOKS ON THE COLONIES.

*A Historical Geography of the British Colonies.* By C. P. Lucas. Vol. I. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.) A little more than a year ago Mr. Lucas published an *Introduction to a[n] Historical Geography of the British Colonies*. He has now followed it up with the first volume of the "Historical Geography" itself; and we suppose that at least three more volumes will be required to complete the work. The present instalment deals with (1) the European dependencies of Great Britain (including Malta and Cyprus, which some geographers would claim for Africa and Asia respectively); (2) the minor Asiatic dependencies (including Aden, which is strictly part of the Bombay Presidency of India, but excluding Sarawak, which, at the time of writing, had not yet been proclaimed a British protectorate); and (3) the dependencies in the Indian Ocean (including the Cocos Islands, which are administered—so far as they are administered at all—from Singapore). It will be observed that none of these are colonies in the popular sense of the word, viz., foreign homes for the surplus population of the mother country. They are really military and naval stations, commercial entrepôts, or tropical plantations; and nearly all of them have some connexion with the great dependency of India, which is excluded from the scope of the undertaking. Mr. Lucas, as a clerk in the Colonial Office, enjoyed exceptional advantages for obtaining his information at first hand, both from documents and from persons. But this alone would not have been enough to give the stamp of authority to his work, if he had not known how to select and to combine, and to express himself with conciseness. The result is a book as laudable in execution as it is novel in design. Our only regret is that he has not thought fit to give fuller statistics of both finance and trade. The maps, which number fifteen (not including insets), have been executed by the Oxford University Press, and not (as before) at the establishment of Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston.

*The History of the Battles and Adventures of the British, the Boers, and the Zulus in Southern Africa.* By D. C. F. Moodie. With Maps and Illustrations. In two vols. (Cape Town: Murray & St. Leger.) The author, or rather compiler, of these volumes, is a colonist of old standing, being the son of a Scotch naval officer who immigrated after the peace of 1815, and who himself published the *Cape Record* in 1838. Like not a few other colonial writers, his method of composition is the despair of the critic. Without regard to chronology or any other settled principle, he has here put together a miscellaneous collection of the "battles and adventures" which make up the history of South Africa—from the time of Pharaoh Necho (?) down to the year 1880. Here may be found a brief account of the first settlement of the Dutch and of their reinforcement by French Huguenots; several original narratives concerning the wreck of the *Grosvenor* and the sufferings of the survivors; a description of the capture of the Cape by the English, and of the frequent hostilities with the Dutch that have followed; and details concerning the yet more frequent Kaffir wars. Not the least valuable chapters are those dealing with quite modern times. The rise and downfall of the Zulu power is described, mainly in the words of the two Englishmen who have known the Zulus best—Henry Francis Flynn and John Dunn; while the story of the great trek of the "Thirstland Boers" in 1875-79 embodies a romance worthy of the pen of De Quincey. We cannot honestly call Mr. Moodie an historian; but he has at any rate given a permanent shape to some of the fleeting traditions which the future historian cannot afford to neglect. We may also commend his work, as an inexhaustible mine of materials, to the new school of novelists whose staple is "battles and adventures."

*Round about New Zealand.* By E. W. Payton. (Chapman & Hall.) Mr. Payton has a profound contempt for the "scribbling globetrotter," but, having spent over three years in New Zealand, has no scruple in publishing a record of his own travels in that colony. There is nothing very new in his diary, and the places he visits have been described before; but he has produced a readable book, which may interest those who as yet know little of the colony. We agree with the author that road-making has been much neglected in New Zealand, and that plenty of good roads are more important than railways in the development of the country. He frequently describes the roads he passed over, which are sometimes terrible to look at. The large coaches have to be hung on leather instead of on springs, and are quite innocent of glass windows. Steel springs, however good, can never be depended on, and glass would be shivered to atoms at the first rut. These leather suspension coaches travel very easily, their chief motion being a sort of rolling, similar to that of a small boat at anchor in a very light sea. The sight of the great lunatic asylum, not far from Dunedin, in the Middle Island, set the author thinking what a colony of 500,000 people could want with such an enormous building. This is the result of his reflections:

"There seems to be something very maddening about the colony. From personal observation I am inclined to think it is the universal and excessive use of whisky which necessitates the enlargement of the gaunt grey structure on the sea cliff. The worst characteristic of the lower class colonists is undoubtedly their love of drink. We are accustomed to see a fair amount of drinking in England, but the beer-drinkers at home are decidedly mild compared to their Australasian brethren. Beer is used a good deal in the colonies, but the standard beverage of the steady drinkers is whisky; and the quantity of the fluid that some can get through is astonishing. Drinking seems

to be the one amusement of a section of the lower classes; and they are at it day and night when not in actual employment; and the money they spend in drink would seem incredible to English ears. As sure as one man meets an acquaintance whom he has not seen for a few days, or even hours, almost his first words are, 'Come and have a drink.' Treating to drink is a universal custom. Whenever a man meets a friend there is no excuse wanted for turning into the nearest bar, as before they have been in conversation two minutes one is sure to ask the other, 'What'll you have?' Many men who can earn £3 per week, and keep themselves on £1, will drink the remaining £2 regularly, and run into debt. The amount of harm done to the constitution by this excessive drinking will be better appreciated in future generations."

Can it be true that there are natives so well off that one young Maori in Hawke's Bay has £15,000 a year, and several others live in large houses in a very comfortable European fashion, with carriages and white coachmen and servants?

*Kaipara; or, Experiences of a Settler in North New Zealand.* By P. W. Barlow. (Sampson Low.) The author of this slight but amusing little book is a civil engineer who emigrated to New Zealand with his wife and six children in 1883. His first experiences of Auckland were unpleasant; but a lucky chance took him into the Kaipara district, and there he seems to be living in comfort, though whether on his professional labours or no he does not tell us. He states, however, that at present the colony offers little inducement to professional men to endeavour to pursue their callings, owing to the period of depression through which it is now passing, and for which, we take it, the colony has only itself to thank. Mr. Barlow alludes to the evils of over-government and extravagant expenditure, and hints at a considerable amount of corruption. New Zealand has preceded us in the establishment of county councils, and, in the opinion of the author, would do much better without them. He particularly recommends the North Island, or at least that part of it with which he is acquainted, to men fond of an outdoor life, and with fixed incomes ranging from four to six hundred a year. Such incomes are thought little of at home, but in New Zealand will secure a large amount of enjoyment, and give a man considerable importance; while, if he should feel an inclination for politics, he would have little difficulty in securing a seat in the House of Representatives. The colony is much in need of men of independent means, who will take up politics for the good of their adopted country, and not for the sake of an honorarium which the country cannot afford to pay.

*Our Last Year in New Zealand, 1887.* By William Garden Cowie, Bishop of Auckland. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) If it be true, as some ill-natured critics aver, that colonial bishops are oftener to be found at the Athenaeum Club than in their own dioceses, the Bishop of Auckland is an exception to the rule. Consecrated in 1869, his first visit to England was in the present year to attend the Lambeth Conference; and more than this, he tells us that he has not once been out of his diocese for a day's holiday since he first entered it, his only absences having been to attend duties connected with his office in other places. It was a good idea of the bishop's to publish his diary for the twelve months immediately preceding his departure from Auckland on January 10 for England. That there should be a certain sameness in such a journal is unavoidable, but this is more than compensated by the insight given us into the work of the bishop and the state of the church in his diocese. There is a manly, soldierlike straightforwardness in the gallant bishop, as might be expected from one who has seen such good service and earned medals and

clasps, for he was army chaplain at the relief of Lucknow, served with Sir R. Walpole's division in several actions, and again in the Umbeyla campaign against the Afghan tribes in 1863. In his journal we have a picture of a man zealous and judicious in the performance of duty, and loved and respected all through his diocese—a pattern of what a colonial bishop should be. Besides this, the bishop's observations on politics, agriculture, and many other topics as they came under his notice are well worth attention. Especially interesting is his account of the ordained Maori clergymen.

*The Australian Irrigation Colonies.* (Chaffey Brothers.) This folio is a gigantic specimen of advertising. Messrs. Chaffey have obtained grants from the Governments of Victoria and South Australia of upwards of 500,000 acres on the banks of the Murray. These tracts are divided into two settlements, named respectively Mildura and Renmark. The land is to be irrigated from the river, and of its capabilities and advantages the projectors give a glowing account. They propose dividing the two districts into plots, which they offer for sale on the following terms: town allotments of  $\frac{1}{2}$  acre, each £20 per lot; villa allotments of  $\frac{1}{2}$  acres £100 per lot; agricultural and horticultural lands from £15 to £20 per acre. They sell either for cash or on credit; on cash sales a discount of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. is allowed. All lands are sold with water rights running with the titles, and the titles also carry with them interests, proportionate to their areas, in all channels and other irrigation works and plant for pumping and supplying water. There can be no question about the importance of irrigation, and if it be carried into effect as proposed by the projectors their offers may be advantageous; but it must be noticed that they offer their agricultural land at a price decidedly higher than that at which great quantities of fair agricultural land may be purchased in England at the present day. A difficulty suggests itself as to the future maintenance of the irrigation works. Messrs. Chaffey state that the interest of the firm in the unsold lands of the colony is the security of the purchasers for a liberal interpretation of their obligations by the vendors; but what is to prevent the vendors selling *all* their lands? and then perhaps the purchasers will be forced to subscribe among themselves towards the maintenance of the works. The letterpress is interspersed with advertisements in the most irritating manner. One turns over a page in the middle of a sentence to find the next page occupied by a wholesale druggist, a patent dog-cart, or a universal provider.

#### SOME RELIGIOUS GIFT-BOOKS.

*The Trees and Plants mentioned in the Bible.* By W. H. Groser. (Religious Tract Society.) The history of the Holy Land has largely affected its flora, and therewith its physical features. The invaders of Palestine, from Sennacherib to Titus and even later, all waged war upon the timber which clothed the hills, and the Saracens carried out the spirit of a Mohammedan rule by uprooting the vines. Then, as the hillsides were thus left bare, the soil was washed off them by rain. But after all the changes thus effected, Palestine, with its five zones of climate, can still boast of wonderful wealth in tree and flower. "In what are our winter months, the meadows and pastures are ablaze with flowers of every hue"; and the olive, the fig, the vine, and the pomegranate are profitably grown. Mr. Groser has much to tell us about the varied vegetable productions of the land—its timber and fruit trees, its shrubs and flowers, its grain and spices. He avoids the mistake of being too positive and

precise in his identification of plants in the Old and New Testament. As Prof. Daubeny said of plants mentioned by Greek or Latin writers, the names must often be taken as representing general rather than particular species. Mr. Groser explains in an interesting way the points upon which the explanations of many Biblical passages turn, and his book will be found very useful to students of the Bible. Apart from its religious interest, it commends itself to all who love botany.

*Ripples in the Starlight.* By J. R. Macduff, D.D. (Nisbet.) This volume concludes Dr. Macduff's "Ripple" Series, *Starlight* following in due order *Twilight* and *Moonlight* as the medium of visibility. The varying light thus poetically discriminated does not, however, imply a variation of intensity in the "ripples" pertaining to each. They are all marked by the same characteristics of religious warmth and sincerity, finding expression in a rhetoric, always diffuse, and too often pretentious and turgid. To take an example, this is how he describes what he terms "chimes and refrains from the neighbouring ocean": (p. 44) "Now with quiet wave, now with gleam of opal tint and azure, now with voice of unrest, blinding storm and seeth of curdling foam." There is much more of the "storm and seeth" above mentioned than of the "quiet wave" in Dr. Macduff's book.

*Roman Mosaics.* by Hugh Macmillan (Macmillan), consists of a number of discursive reminiscences of Rome and its neighbourhood. The book is pleasantly written, and may possess an especial interest for persons who have never been to Rome, and want to know the impressions which the eternal city is wont to make on a cultured and religious man. It labours, however, under the same defect as the preceding book of a tendency to grandiloquence. We regard this as one of the most prevailing literary vices of our time, and we are sorry to believe that it is on the increase.

*Natural Laws and Gospel Teachings.* By H. W. Morris. (Religious Tract Society.) Dr. Morris has here brought together a number of facts from geography and natural history to corroborate the Gospel narratives, and added a series of disquisitions, intended to be more or less popular, on the miracles, prayer, the doctrine of the resurrection, and the end of the world. The arguments derived from chemistry and physiology in the second part of the volume do not strike us as being very powerful in the case of unbelievers, and they are useless to those who believe already. The corroboration of the Gospel facts by recent travel and discovery is well done, and likely to be of much use in schools. A good deal of trouble has been devoted by the author to point out how the oxygen and electricity of the universe could cause the final conflagration. Such speculations are of no practical use. Similarly, no amount of theorising on the properties of matter would ever explain the future resurrection. Physical researches applied to such a subject are futile.

*Turning Points, and their Results in the Lives of Eminent Christians.* By Mary Beck. (Hodder & Stoughton.) Beginning with Joseph and Moses, the author passes through the lives of Cyprian, Savonarola, and Xavier, to very superficial sketches of the life-work of several modern missionaries—Judson, Knill, De Grellet, and others. Mrs. Beck's theory is that a conscious, often an instantaneous, conversion summons all great workers to put on the Christian yoke. But her mental confusion in carrying out this view is strikingly apparent in the very first page of the book. Change of mind and change of outward circumstances are confounded. "In one day," she says of Joseph,

"the change came; but it was preceded by more than two years of apparently hopeless forgetfulness in the dungeon." If Joseph's history teaches one lesson more than another, it is unvarying trustfulness, love, and submission, without any mental change whatever from infancy to death. So was it with Moses and Elijah, other examples of the author, although their outward horizon did wonderfully change. The sketches of Ambrose, Cyprian, and Augustine, are the best of these lives. The tone of the book may be gathered from its comment on the saintly Philaret of Moscow, "Notwithstanding his position, he held truly spiritual views."

*How to Help; or, Pen and Pencil Sketches of the East End.* By Mrs. G. S. Reaney. (Nisbet.) The author of this stirring appeal has some right to be heard. She has lived for many years in the East End, and striven in various ways to help and to elevate those around her. There are, she admits, many workers in the same field, and there is room for more; but she maintains that the secret of success is to be found not in any constraining sense of duty, but in the energy of love. The cloud of dreariness and despair which hangs over the toil-worn, poverty-stricken masses can only be lifted by those who preach and practice the Gospel of Hope. Mrs. Reaney, by her urgent and re-iterated remonstrances, gained some relief for the hard lot of the tramcar conductors and drivers, and we wish her similar success in the efforts she is now making to establish homes for admission to which there shall be "no other qualification than hopeless emergency" on the part of those willing to work honestly if they get the chance. The difficulty of establishing such a qualification is, we should think, pretty considerable.

*Chats about the Church.* By Fred. Geo. Browne. (S. P. C. K.) The Socratic method pursued by Mr. Browne in this little book is often very telling. The conversations, we are told, are not imaginary, but, in the main, are the echoes of what fell from the lips of speakers at a village club. If such be the case, the countryman compares favourably with his brother in town, for his questions exhibit interest and intelligence, while his ignorance of history is by no means remarkable. We expect that much of what Mr. Browne has to say about "the Bible in England before the Reformation" will be new to many outside the club; and there is scarcely a single chat which will not add something, either in the shape of knowledge or argument, to a Churchman's materials for the defence of the Establishment.

*A Menology; or Record of Departed Friends.* (Parker.) The idea of this little book, which is tastefully printed in purple type, is—at any rate to us—a novel one. A calendar has been drawn up with blank spaces left for the insertion of the names of dead friends; while in connexion with each date there is a quotation of a consolatory character drawn sometimes from the Old and sometimes from the New Testaments, and not seldom from the Apocrypha. The extracts from the Second Book of Esdras will scarcely fail to suggest that portions of that book belong to the Christian era, and may induce readers to study the Scriptural statement on eschatology. We scarcely think the "Record" itself will meet with large acceptance. If friends be forgotten (itself a proof that the friendship was unworthy of the name) the fault cannot be artificially repaired.

*The Lord's Prayer for Young People.* By Alfred Hood. (Sonnenschein.) These chapters, or sermons rather, on the different clauses of the Lord's Prayer are diffuse and full of sentiment. They compare but ill with the exposition of the same prayer by Barrow and many other divines, and show a certain meagreness in

spiritual application. Not being altogether unaccustomed to fathom the depths of ignorance which most young people display, we find ourselves wondering what manner of such would understand, or be edified, by Mr. Hood's allusions to Herschel's telescopes and the infinitude of stellar space, to "a very old language called Sanscrit," or to Theodore Parker's finding "a rhodora in full bloom." And when Mr. Hood resolves the trial of Abraham into a feeling of doubt on his part, adding "perhaps indeed Abraham may have dreamed that God required him to offer up his son as a sacrifice," we should bid young people turn rather to the exact statements of the Bible.

*Peace*; the Voice of the Church to her Sick. (S.P.C.K.) All who remember the author of these meditations on the Order for the Visitation of the Sick (Canon Morse, late vicar of St. Mary's, Nottingham) will be prepared to meet with the affectionate persuasiveness and spiritual wisdom which so distinguished his character even without the touching preface by Mr. Shorthouse, which speaks of his sympathetic goodness. These twenty-one addresses would be useful to the invalid, or to a young curate for sick-room reading. The chapter on making a will is specially to be commended.

*Cloudy Days*; Short Meditations for the Private Use of those in Trouble. By the Rev. F. Bourdillon. (S. P. C. K.) The writer is well known for the simplicity of his style and for the spirit of devotion which pervades his writings. These meditations will be found useful by the sick and suffering, who cannot shape their thoughts or find expression for them.

*Weekly Church Teachings on the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels*. (S.P.C.K.) These teachings form an excellent manual for the elder classes in a Sunday-school, or even for their teachers. The connexion between the Collect, Epistle, and Gospel of each Sunday is carefully drawn out in one lesson. In the second some part of the Prayer-Book or Catechism is expounded, texts suggested, difficulties smoothed, and the like. The little book is full and not too full.

*A Book of Counsels for Girls*, by Mary Bell (S.P.C.K.), consists of a series of lectures to young girls of the higher and more cultivated classes. They are very suitable to girls leaving school and asking themselves "What shall I do with my life?" The chapter on reading strikes us as especially sensible. Wives and mothers would in many cases be the better for having followed these counsels as girls.

*The Lads of the Bible*. By Rev. W. J. Bettison. (S.P.C.K.) These chapters form short sermons on some dozen of the young men of the Bible. They are plain, touching, and to the point.

*Rainbows; a Book of Allegories*, by J. W. Diggle (S.P.C.K.), is written in a rhetorical and somewhat sentimental spirit. *Dificile est proprie communia dicere*; and not every one can hope to succeed in pointing out what spiritual teachings exist in the lighthouse, the crippled lamb, the finger-post, and other ordinary objects. But Mr. Diggle's is a meritorious little book; and he need not grieve at falling short where few save Bishop Wilberforce and Mr. Adams have succeeded.

*A New Beginning*. By Helen Shipton. (S.P.C.K.). The conversion of a bad character in village life by illness due to a deed of heroism is no new motive for a story. Miss Shipton has thrown considerable power into her delineation of this change, and her book is decidedly above the average of religious stories.

*Twilight Verses*. By Agnes Giberne. (Nisbet.) Without much depth or originality Miss Giberne's verses are fluent and written from the heart. They will please many, and, it may be hoped, fall in with that vein of peaceful trust characteristic of sober, thoughtful Churchmanship.

*The Church Monthly*; an Illustrated Magazine for Home Reading ("Church Monthly Office," 30, New Bridge Street) follows much on the same lines as the last. It boasts a goodly number of contributors, including many celebrated names. Some of the illustrations are excellent, and it deserves to be widely read.

*The Dawn of Day* (S.P.C.K.) is one of the very best of cheap Church periodicals. The present volume for 1888 is full of good matter, and most certainly in no wise inferior to its predecessors.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

WE hear that Dr. E. B. Tylor has been appointed Lord Giffard's Lecturer in Natural Theology at Aberdeen. This was the last of the chairs to be filled up in the four Scotch universities. Prof. Max Müller has already delivered a first course of lectures at Glasgow, and has published (Longmans) the inaugural address, in which he gives an autobiographical review of his lifelong interest in the science of religion. We believe that Mr. Andrew Lang proposes to begin lecturing at St. Andrews in the early spring. The Edinburgh lecturer is Dr. James Hutchison Stirling.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN announce the publication of a new series of biographies under the title of "English Men of Action." It will be confined to those who have in any capacity, at home or abroad, by land or sea, been conspicuous in the service of their country. The series will begin in February and will be continued monthly. The first volume will be *General Gordon*, by Col. Sir William Butler; and the following are in course of preparation: "Sir John Hawkwood," by Mr. F. Marion Crawford; "Henry the Fifth," by the Rev. A. J. Church; "Warwick, the King-Maker," by Mr. C. W. Oman; "Drake," by Mr. J. A. Froude; "Raleigh," by Mr. W. Stebbing; "Strafford," by Mr. H. D. Traill; "Montrose," by Mr. Mowbray Morris; "Monk," by Mr. Julian Corbett; "Dampier," by Mr. W. Clark Russell; "Captain Cook," by Mr. Walter Besant; "Clive," by Col. Sir Charles Wilson; "Warren Hastings," by Sir Alfred Lyall; "Sir John Moore," by Col. Maurice; "Wellington," by Mr. George Hooper; "Livingstone," by Mr. Thomas Hughes; and "Lord Lawrence," by Sir Richard Temple.

MR. A. PATCHETT MARTIN, the late editor of the *Melbourne Review*, has written a book which will be published early in January by Mr. David Douglas, Edinburgh, under the title *Australia and the Empire*. It will contain chapters on Robert Lowe (Viscount Sherbrooke) in Sydney, Sir Henry Parkes in England, Lord Beaconsfield and "Young Australia," Australian Democracy, Australia and Irish Home Rule, the Irish in Australia, the State Schoolmaster, Native Australians and Imperial Federation, and the Moral of the Queensland Imbroglio.

MR. ROBERT DUNLOP—who will be known to readers of the ACADEMY as a thorough and impartial student of Irish history—has undertaken to write a Life of Grattan for the "Statesmen" series, published by Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have in the press a new translation of J. B. Tavernier's *Travels in India*

(1676), by Prof. V. Ball, formerly of the Indian geological survey. Tavernier, it will be remembered, was a jeweller by profession; and Prof. Ball has devoted special attention to the several diamond fields of India. The work will be in two volumes, with illustrations.

MR. JOHN HEYWOOD, of Manchester, announces the completion of the second volume of *Baines's History of the County Palatine and Duchy of Lancaster*, which has been edited and considerably extended by Mr. James Croston. It embraces a large portion of the hundred of Salford, and includes the history of the parishes of Manchester, Ashton-under-Lyne, Prestwich with Oldham, Middleton, and Radcliffe. There are about 100 illustrations, in addition to numerous coats of arms; and a notable feature of the edition is the family pedigrees, of which twenty-three appear in the volume about to be issued.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS will publish shortly a small volume of poems by Lord Henry Somerset, entitled *Songs of Adieu*.

THE following novels are announced by Messrs. Macmillan: *Neighbours on the Green*, by Mrs. Oliphant; *Grievenstein*, by Mr. F. Marion Crawford; *Beechcroft at Rockstone*, by Miss Charlotte M. Yonge; and *Schwartz, and other Stories*, by Mr. D. Christie Murray.

MESSRS. LONGMANS announce *Times and Days*: being Essays in Romance and History, by Mr. J. H. Balfour Browne.

Now that an English translation of the *Kalevala* has been published in America (Putnam's), and another is promised in this country by Mr. Kirby, some of our readers may be interested to know that the Suomalaisen Kirjallisuuden Seuran, or Society of Finnish Literature, at Helsingfors have begun the publication of an elaborate work intended to contain all the available variants of the national epic. The first part of this work, compiled by Prof. J. Krohn—who has, unfortunately, died while it was passing through the press—gives the variants found in Finland proper and Esthonia of the episode of Sampo, which forms the centre of the poem, and of the hymns associated therewith. Two subsequent parts will deal with other episodes found in the same region. Another series of variants will hereafter be edited by Dr. Axel Borenus, who has taken as his domain the Karelian hymns of Viena (Archangel and Obenetz), where the oldest forms of the epic are preserved in their fullest and most connected shape. The present part, which consists of 172 closely printed pages, costs five shillings.

PROF. BRANDL, of Göttingen, has printed a paper on Chaucer's Squire's Tale in the *Englische Studien*.

LIEUT.-COL. H. W. L. HIME—who dates from Kirkee, India—has published (Dulau) a pamphlet on *The Greek Materials of Shelley's Adonais*, in which he points out in detail the English poet's obligations to Bion and Moschus, and further goes on to make some remarks on the two other great English elegies, "Lycidas" and "In Memoriam." The author writes in a very sensible way, and his modest brochure should not be overlooked by Shelley students.

THE Rev. Andrew Clark, of Lincoln College, the editor of the *Register of the University of Oxford, 1571 to 1622*, has kindly undertaken to edit for the Early English Text Society the early englising of the Cartularies of Oseney Abbey and Godstowe Nunnery. This is in answer to Dr. Furnivall's appeal in the ACADEMY of last week for an editor for the work.

## THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE *Political Science Quarterly*—which is edited by the faculty of political science of Columbia College, New York, and published in this country by Mr. Henry Frowde, at the Clarendon Press warehouse—announces for the coming year a more extensive co-operation on the part of English and continental writers. Among the contributions already arranged for are—“The Study of Legal English History,” by Prof. F. W. Maitland, of Cambridge; “The Organisation of the English Legal Profession,” by Mr. G. P. Macdonell, of Lincoln’s Inn; and economic papers by Profs. Cohn of Göttingen and Leser of Heidelberg.

THE publishers of *Scribner’s Magazine* promise for the year 1889 a series of articles based on a collection of letters and memoirs relating to Jean François Millet; a paper on “Sir Walter Scott’s Methods of Work,” with special reference to the collection of his proof sheets belonging to Mr. Andrew D. White; “The Homes and Haunts of Charles Lamb”; and “Graeco-Egyptian Portraits from the Fayum,” by Mr. T. S. Perry, with facsimile illustrations.

With the coming year will be commenced a new series of *Time*, in a fresh dress, with early contributions from—among others—Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Corney Grain, Mr. Frank Lockwood, Mr. Frith, Mr. H. W. Lucy, Mr. Oscar Wilde, Mr. T. E. Kebbel, and Mr. Arthur Cecil. The January number will contain an anonymous article on the police by an ex-official; the beginning of a new novel by Mr. F. C. Phillips; and the first of a series of articles by Mr. J. M. Barrie, entitled, “What the Pit says,” being an entirely new form of dramatic criticism.

THE January number of the *Asiatic Quarterly Review*—which is edited by Mr. Demetrius Boulger, and published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin—will contain articles on “Indian Volunteers and Indian Loyalty,” by Sir Lepel Griffin; “England and Persia,” by the editor; “The Indian National Congress,” by Mr. Austin Rattray; a sketch of the life of Governor Pitt, of Madras, after whom the “Pitt diamond” is named, by Mr. J. Talboys Wheeler; and an account of the antiquities of Kampal, an early Hindu capital of Bengal, by Babu Asutosh Gupta.

THE forthcoming number of the *Archaeological Review*, besides completing Mr. Simpson’s translation of Dr. Bahson’s ethnographical museum of Europe, will contain articles by Mr. A. J. Evans, on Stonehenge; by Mr. Gomme, on the Anglo-Saxon Charters edited by Prof. Earle; by Mr. Talfourd Ely, on the Exploration of Tanais; Mr. Price’s Index to the Literature of Roman York; and Mr. Pell’s Defence of his Domesday Studies against Mr. Round.

THE January number of the *Reliquary* will contain, among other contributions, “A Visit to the Mozarabic Centres of Spain,” by W. Legg; “Some Recent Discoveries at Scarborough Castle,” by W. H. St. John Hope; “Two Assyrian-Phoenician Shields from Crete,” by the Rev. Joseph Hirst; and “Rains Cave, Longcliffe, Derbyshire.”

## MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

WE welcome the appearance of the *Library*: a Magazine of Bibliography and Literature, which is published for the Library Association by Mr. Elliot Stock, at the somewhat unusual price of eightpence a month. The first number certainly seems to hit the mean between dryasdust librarianship and the lighter curiosities of literature. Under the title of

“A Forgotten Book of Travels,” Mr. Austin Dobson “blows the dust off” Charles P. Moritz’s *Travels, Chiefly on Foot, through Several Parts of England* (1795), apparently in ignorance that the work has recently been reprinted in Cassell’s “National Library” (No. 47), and that an account of the author was submitted only last month to the Manchester branch of the English Goethe Society (ACADEMY, Dec. 1). Mr. William Blades describes in detail two proposals made nearly two centuries ago to found public libraries; Mr. A. H. Bullen contributes what is apparently the first of a series of articles on Mr. W. J. Linton’s private press in America; and Mr. H. R. Tedder reviews M. Monod’s recent *Bibliographie de l’Histoire de France*, with special reference to his own proposals for an exhaustive bibliography of English history. The usual notes, &c., survive from the *Library Chronicle*, and retain that familiar name.

## ORIGINAL VERSE.

## IN DREAMS.

THINK not I lie upon this couch of pain  
Eternally, and motionless as clay—  
Summer and winter, night as well as day—  
Appealing to the heartless years in vain:  
For now and then the Dreams unchain  
My stiffened limbs, and lift the links that weigh  
As iron never weighed, and let me stray  
Free as the wind that ripples through the grain.  
Then can I walk once more, yea, run and leap;  
Tread Autumn’s rustling leaves or Spring’s  
young grass;  
Or stand and pant upon some bracing steep;  
Or, rod in hand, across the wet stones pass  
Some summer brook; or on the firm skate sweep  
In ceaseless circles Winter’s fields of glass.

E. LEE-HAMILTON.

## BEDFORD COLLEGE, LONDON.

AN appeal is being made to the public by Bedford College, London, for help to enable it to erect a new wing in the rear of its present buildings. This institution, one of the oldest of the ladies’ colleges, was founded by Mrs. Reid in 1849, and has been working steadily and unobtrusively in the cause of women’s education for forty years. The results achieved may be judged from the fact that of the 452 women who have passed the various examinations of the London University, since they were thrown open in 1879, no less than 123 have been prepared at Bedford College. Its lists of honours further shows that the names of fifty-one of the 152 women who have taken the M.A. and B.A. degrees, and twelve of the twenty-one women who have taken the D.Sc. and B.Sc. degrees, are to be found among those of its students.

Better chemical, physical, and biological laboratories are imperatively required to meet the growing demand for practical instruction in science, those at present in use being merely adaptations of former class-rooms, and deficient in light and space. The college has now an unique opportunity of acquiring the lease of an adjoining site; but, being practically unendowed, it has no fund from which to defray the construction and fitting up of new laboratories, though they are, nevertheless, indispensable. An increase in the number of class-rooms is also needed; and it is further thought very desirable that, in building the proposed new wing, accommodation should be provided for a limited number of resident students of small means, who shall, if possible, be admitted at considerably reduced terms, as compared with those necessarily charged to boarders in the existing residence.

The sum required for these purposes will be at least £3000; but the work of the college is so important, and its wants so obvious and pressing, that the council is encouraged to hope that, through the generosity of the many friends of the higher education of women, it will soon be placed in a position to carry out the proposed extension.

A subscription list has been opened, which already reaches a total of about £1500. Further contributions will be gratefully received by the hon. secretary, Miss Blanche Shadwell, Bedford College, 8 and 9, York-place, Baker-street, W.

## SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

ANALECTA hymnicae mediæ aevi. III. et IV. Leipzig : Fues. 14 M.  
BAERDEKER, D. Alfred Krupp u. die Entwicklung der Gusstahlfabrik zu Essen. Essen : Baedeker. 8 M.  
BARRON, L. Les fleuves de France :—la Loire. Paris : Renouard. 10 fr.  
BERALDI, H. Les Graveurs du XIX<sup>e</sup> Siècle. Vol. 8. Paris : Conquet. 10 fr.  
EHRHARD, A. Les comédies de Molière en Allemagne : le théâtre et la critique. Paris : Lecène. 8 fr.  
MEMOIRES de Mme. la Marquise de la Rochejaquelein. Seule édition originale et complète. Paris : Bourloton. 20 fr.  
MERAND, J. Les Fausses Antiquités de l’Assyrie et de la Chaldée. Paris : Leroux. 3 fr. 50 c.  
RUBENS, P. P. sa Vie et son Œuvre. Paris : Lib. de l’Art. 40 fr.  
SERGAMBI, G. Novelle inedite di, tratte dal codice Trivulziano CXIII. per cura di Rodolfo Renier. Turin : Loescher. 15 fr.

## THEOLOGY.

USERNER, H. Religionsgeschichtliche Untersuchungen. 1. u. 2. Thl. Bonn : Cohen. 9 M.

## LAW AND HISTORY.

MULLER, H. Badische Fürsten-Bildnisse. 1. Bd. Von Karl I. (†1475) bis Karl Friedrich (1728-1811). Karlsruhe : Groos. 20 M.  
SCHIERS, T. Die römischen Collegia funeraria nach den Inschriften. München : Ackermann. 3 M.  
STINTZING, W. Der Besitz. 1. Thl. Der Sachbesitz. 1. Buch. Wesen desselben. München : Ackermann. 3 M.

## PHYSICAL SCIENCE, ETC.

BEITRÄGE zur geologischen Karte der Schweiz. 24. Lfg. 2. u. 4. Thl. Bern : Schmid. 25 M. 40 Pf.  
BEITRÄGE zur Kenntnis d. russischen Reiches. 4. u. 5. Bd. St. Petersburg. 18 M. 40 Pf.  
BEEFELD, O. Untersuchungen aus dem Gesamtgebiete der Mykologie. 8. Hft. Basidiomyeten. III. Leipzig : Felix. 33 M.  
EXPÉDITIONS scientifiques du Travailleur et du Tulasman 1880-1883. Poissons, par L. Vaillant. Paris : Masson. 50 fr.  
FRANCHET, A. Plantæ Davidianæ ex Sinarum imperio. 2<sup>e</sup> Partie. Plantæ du Tibet oriental. Paris : Masson. 30 fr.  
GÜNTHER, S. Die Meteorologie, ihrem neuesten Standpunkte gemäß u. m. besond. Berücksicht. geographischer Fragen dargestellt. München : Ackermann. 5 M. 40 Pf.  
SCHLESINGER, L. E. Beitrag zur Theorie der linearen homogenen Differentialgleichungen dritter Ordnung m. e. Relation dritten Grades zwischen den Elementen e. Fundamentalsystems v. Integralen. Berlin : Mayer & Müller. 1 M. 80 Pf.  
STRUVE, H. Beobachtungen der Saturnstrabanten. 1. Abth. St. Petersburg. 10 M. 60 Pf.

## PHILOLOGY, ETC.

GROFF, W. N. Les deux Versions démotiques du décret de Canope. Paris : Leroux. 10 fr.  
MALLET, D. La Cuite de Neit à Sais. Paris : Leroux. 15 fr.  
MICHELS, Abel des. Contes plaisants annamites (Chuyen doi xua), traduits en français pour la première fois. Paris : Leroux. 15 fr.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## PROF. KEY’S FAMOUS PUN.

3 St. George’s Square, N.W. : Christmas evening.  
On p. 71 of *Temple Bar* for January, 1889, I am surprised to read a statement that the name of the author

“of the famous witticism against Berkeley’s theory—a pun which puts into a nutshell a whole system of philosophy: ‘What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind’—is completely buried in oblivion.”

No such thing. The author of this pun was

Prof. T. Hewitt Key, formerly head master of University College School, and professor of Latin in the college, author of a Latin Dictionary, Crude-Form Latin Grammar, &c., and fellow honorary secretary with me of the Philological Society. I well recollect his telling us the epigram at a meeting of our Philological Society's council. He sent it to *Punch*, and it was, of course, printed forthwith. The date of it I do not remember, but suppose it was somewhere in the sixties.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

MILTON AND CÆDMON.

Berkeley, California: Nov. 22, 1888.

It seems still to be a vexed question whether Milton was acquainted with the Old-English Genesis, Wûlker, for example, persistently maintaining that he was not (*Anglia*, xi. 321-2). I am not aware that in the discussions of the subject reference has ever been made to Milton's record of the impression left upon his mind by Bede's account of Cædmon. This is in so far pertinent as it indicates a probable readiness on Milton's part to welcome and examine any production given to the world under Cædmon's name (cf. Morley's *English Writers*, new edit., ii. 109). The passage I refer to is found in Milton's Commonplace Book, revised edition (Camden Society), p. 6, and reads:

"De poeta Anglo subito divinitus facto mira et perplacida historiola narratur apud Bedam."—Hist., l. 4, c. 24.

This interest in Old-English poets and poetry is still further testified to by the next entry:

"Rex nobilissimus Alfredus saxonicae poesios peritissimus."—*Sto.*, p. 80.

The very coinage of the word *perplacida* in the first extract affords proof that Milton penned this particular judgment with great deliberation. On this point his editor remarks:

"The word 'perplacida' is denounced by the Cambridge corrector as non-existent and as having no meaning. But Milton wrote that word, and wrote it determinately. A reference to the autotype will show that he wrote 'perpl.', and then erased those letters, but on second thought determined that 'perplacida' should be the word, and accordingly wrote it."

Is it not possible that Milton was first attracted to "Paradise Lost" as the subject of a poem by the reading of the passage in Bede; and that the entry in his commonplace book served to remind him, from time to time, of this inchoate resolve, formed, as we are told by Masson, as early as 1639-42, when he was reading Bede in conjunction with other authors? (Masson's *Life of Milton*, ii. 105-120.) However this may be, we certainly have in the passage quoted an indubitable testimony to his explicit and favourable judgment on the story of Cædmon as related by Bede. It is singular that Wûlker, writing his article on Cædmon and Milton, in 1881 (*Anglia*, iv. 401-5) should have ignored this fact, and have considered himself justified in the following remarks, which he now apparently confirms:

"Warum also solte er nicht auch Cædmon erwähnen? . . . Anders liesse sich auch durchaus nicht einsehen, warum Milton, der gern manchmal mit seiner Gelehrsamkeit prunkt, nicht Cædmon erwähnt, oder er, der ein tiefes Gefühl für alles acht religiöse hat, nicht Cædmon verherrlichte" (*Anglia*, iv. 405).

ALBERT S. COOK.

POZZA, INF. VII. 127.

Stanhoe Grange, Norfolk: Dec. 10, 1888.

This word, which is applied by Dante to the filth of the "palude che ha nome Stige," in which the wrathful are punished in the fifth

circle of the *Inferno*, seems to have been overlooked by Diez. There is not much doubt about its meaning, for the "palude" is also spoken of as "pantano" (v. 110), "limo" (v. 121), and "balletta negra" (v. 124); while those who are immersed in it are "genti fangose" (v. 110). The etymology of the word is not so certain. It might either come, with a change of gender, from Latin *putus*, whence Italian *pozzo*, French *puits*, English *pit*, and (according to Diez) German *Pfütze*; or from Latin *putidus* (i.e., *putida*, sc. *aqua*), whence Italian *putto*, *puzzo*, *puzza*, Old-French *put*, Old-Spanish *pudio*. For the elimination of *d* in *pozza* = *putida*, cf. *sozzo* = *scidus*, *rancio* = *rancidus*. For the disappearance of the qualified substantive, cf. the close parallel *fontana* sc. *aqua*, and such well-known instances as French *ramage* for *chant ramage* = *cantus ramaticus*, *sanglier* for *porc sanglier* = *porcus singularis*, and the like.

Blanc (*Vocab. Dant.* s.v.) brings *pozza* from German *Pfütze*; but there is no apparent reason for supposing the German word to be older than the Italian, and they may not even have a common origin.

If the derivation from *putida* be correct, *pozza* may merely be a variation of *puzza* (the word occurs in rime; cf. *soso* = *suso*, *Inf.* x. 45; *lome* = *lume*, *Inf.* x. 69; and conversely *nui* = *noi*, *Inf.* ix. 20; *summo* = *sommo*, *Inf.* vii. 119; *sutto* = *sotto*, *Inf.* xi. 26, &c.). In this case "la lorde *pozza*" would mean rather the "foul stench" of the pool than the "foul pool" itself.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

"FRANCE AS IT IS."

Paris: Dec. 1, 1888.

Pray allow us to express our sincere thanks for the very kind review of *France as it is* (Cassells) in the ACADEMY of November 24.

The difficulty involved in the effort to make certain details of French organisation intelligible to the English reader was great; and it was inevitable that some errors should escape us, if only in the terminology, which it is so hard to transfer from one language into another without accompanying each technical expression with a commentary, which would have increased the size of the volume beyond all measure. It is, however, a source of lively satisfaction to us to perceive that our critics think that, on the whole, we have come near the end we had in view.

It is, no doubt, our fault that the very competent writer of the review in question seems to have misconceived the bearing of certain passages in the book; and we should be greatly obliged if you would allow us this opportunity of making clear our real meaning.

We do not think that it is absolutely correct to say that "on p. 63 the influence of the old customary legal codes seems to be ignored, but on p. 199 it is allowed for." This reproach seems to us to contain some confusion, both as to the exact meaning of the expression "old customary codes," and as to the subjects on which their influence can be exercised. The word *coutumiers* is used in France only of the official collections of jurisprudence on civil or criminal law; while on p. 63, political or administrative organisation alone is in question. On p. 199, on the other hand, it is precisely civil or criminal legislation which is alluded to. Now, though it is beyond dispute that our old *coutumiers*—those, at least, of certain provinces of pre-revolutionary France—have left deep marks on our existing civil legislation, the same cannot be said of our political or administrative organisation, with which they have had nothing to do. It is not possible, for that matter, to find the faintest trace of the principles of the *ancien régime* in the present

political organism; and, so far as our administrative organisation is concerned, it is not in the *coutumiers*, but in the *Ordonnances Royales* that either resemblances or even analogies can be found. Administrative centralisation, for instance, which is one of the chief characteristics of the system in force, dates precisely from that period, as we pointed out on pp. 63 and 96.

Again, in discussing the intellectual movement of our day, we did not mean to say that M. Zola and the Parnassians were superior to the novelists or poets who preceded them. On the contrary, on p. 162 we say that "poetry folding her wings and aspiring to lower peaks . . . shows more dexterity than emotion or sensibility"; and all we tried to indicate, without in any way making it the subject of a eulogy, was the solicitude for precise detail, and the passion for the right word, which have recently taken possession of our literature.

We are in perfect accord with the writer of the review as to the extreme difficulty of comparing the economic statistics of the two countries, the same words by no means possessing the same administrative signification in the two languages. For instance, it is undeniable that the word manufacturer has a wider meaning in France than in England; for this reason, that every individual who does not confine himself to buying a manufactured article to sell again exactly as he bought it, but who subjects it to any sort of transformation, is regarded in France as a "manufacturer" (*industriel*), and not as a "dealer" (*commerçant*). In the same way the term "employer" (*patron*) is applied not only to the head of a great factory, but also to the art-workman who works on his own account, who has, in a word, an establishment of his own, even though it be nothing but a single room.

The surprise expressed at the figures relating to the annual transactions in landed and personal property respectively—namely, £120,000,000 in the one case, and £40,000,000 in the other—suggests the two following explanations. The first is that, owing to our law of the registration of deeds, all land sales are controlled by the administration, while a large number of transactions in the funds escape it. The second is that our land laws are far more favourable than those of England to the sale and purchase of land; that even now our peasants prefer the purchase of a patch of land to investing their savings in the funds; that it is easy for them to satisfy that preference; and that, consequently, there is nothing extraordinary in the fact that the figures of land sales are much larger in proportion in France than they are in England.

ANDRÉ LEBOU,  
PAUL PELET.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Dec. 31, 4 p.m. London Institution: Christmas Course for Juveniles, "The Story of a Tinder Box," with Experiments, I., by Dr. Meymott Tidy.

TUESDAY, Jan. 1, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Clouds and Cloudland," adapted to a Juvenile Auditory, III., by Prof. Dewar.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 2, 7 p.m. Society of Arts: Juvenile Lecture, "How Chemists Work—an Example to Boys and Girls," I., by Dr. H. E. Armstrong.

THURSDAY, Jan. 3, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Clouds and Cloudland," adapted to a Juvenile Auditory, IV., by Prof. Dewar.

4 p.m. London Institution: Christmas Course for Juveniles, "The Story of a Tinder Box," with Experiments, II., by Dr. Meymott Tidy.

FRIDAY, Jan. 4, 8 p.m. Geologists' Association: "Some Bagshot Pebble Beds and Pebble Gravel" by Messrs. Horace W. Monckton and R. S. Herries; "The Palaeontology of Sturgeons," by Mr. A. Smith Woodward.

## SCIENCE.

*Force and Energy: a Theory of Dynamics.*  
By Grant Allen. (Longmans.)

WHILE reading Mr. Grant Allen's book we have felt our sympathy with the orthodox mediaeval theologian rapidly growing. We have understood better how his angry passions were excited when he found a layman preaching a new gospel with the old terminology, but without apparently having ever mastered the old philosophy and the old orthodox theology. The ideas and conceptions over which the theologian had long struggled, the difficulties he had endeavoured to express in an intelligible form, the methods he had adopted for enabling the laity to grasp some small portion of his system, were suddenly thrown ruthlessly aside, and a jumble of what were to him confused notions thrust with a startling flow of language before the lay mind. What wonder that the theological world was eager to burn both the heretic and his books! It used to be said of a professor of theology in Cambridge that he never met a scientist without a sigh of regret that the day for faggots had gone by. Faggots were such a ready means of getting rid of inconvenient error—as well as truth—and nowadays how long it takes for heresy to disappear in smoke! When Luther published his first pamphlets, he invariably said, like Mr. Grant Allen in his "Apology," "I will accept with good grace any demonstration of my errors." Before, however, Luther recognised anything as a "demonstration of his errors," he had led half Europe from the old theology. We do not expect any such startling result to follow from Mr. Allen's discharge of his conscience—his *liberavi animam meam*. It will, we think, make absolutely no converts in the scientific camp; but then it may spread a great deal of error in the lay mind, for Mr. Allen is a popular writer, whom all sorts of folk read. The student, the clerk, and the village schoolmaster, who peruse his book without the needful critical training, will accept possibly his heresy and become little centres for the wider spread of obscurity. The notions of Force and Energy are surely difficult enough without any encouragement being given to farther prejudices in the popular mind. Therefore, we should say: let every teacher read this book to understand what are the difficulties which his pupils may meet with; but let every student avoid it like sin until he is "firm in the faith," then he may usefully try his 'prentice hand in proving its heresy. Mr. Allen will doubtless cry out that this is forming a scientific caste, and that thus it is worse than our mediaeval theologian, who, at least, had not the benefit of nineteen centuries of experience. Good: there would be a certain amount of truth in the reply. There is danger in a scientific caste; but then the heretic who will perform real service to science must have been reared in its methods and concepts; like the Antichrist, he must be a member of the church. Were Professor Fitzgerald or Professor Lodge to start some heresy concerning Matter, or Force, or the Ether—and the possibility is not beyond question—we should certainly have to listen to them, and might have to confess that the orthodox notions were after all rather invertebrate.

But, as a popular preacher once said of Mr. Bradlaugh: "He can hardly be the Antichrist, because he has never been one of the fold"; so we believe that Mr. Grant Allen is not destined to revolutionise dynamical science, because he has apparently never learnt its catechism. Mr. Allen hopes that scientific opinion will let him off "with a caution or nominal fine." This is very unreasonable of him. Had he sent round another pamphlet to physical specialists, as he did in 1875, he might have been pardoned; but, after innoculating his friend, Mr. Clodd, with his baneful heresy, he himself publishes a work on *Force and Energy*, which many will purchase and some study. The story of creation in the first chapter of Genesis is possibly somewhat difficult of interpretation. It does not profess, however, to bear the *imprimatur* of science. But the story of creation which Messrs. Clodd and Allen have given to the world does profess to have a scientific basis, and herein is the source of the ill it may possibly give rise to. It may be, and we know that in several cases it has been, accepted as true gospel, and such acceptance must always stand in the way of progress towards real knowledge. The age has hardly come when science can tell its story of creation; and if it does so to-day it can only give a statement of many unsolved problems and a few probable hypotheses. Such a dogma as the following, which appears on p. 132 of Mr. Allen's work, makes us sigh with despair:

"It must suffice here to recognise the fact that life owes its origin to the chemically-separative action of ethereal undulations on the cooled surface of the earth, especially carbonic anhydride and water, and that the existing diversity of organic forms is due to the minute interaction of dynamical laws."

And yet, after this, Mr. Grant Allen wants to be let off with a nominal fine!

But perhaps he will suggest that we have not read his "Apology," for therein he has pointed out that in 1875 the scientists applied contradictory criticisms to his theory—

"Some of them said my theory was only just what was already known and universally acknowledged. Others of them said it was diametrically opposed to what was already known, and betrayed an elementary ignorance of the entire matter."

Curiously enough, the present reviewer can only better these criticisms by combining them! The greater part of what Mr. Allen states in part ii. of his work, entitled "Concrete or Synthetic," consists of well-known facts or probable hypotheses (here, alas, too often stated in dogmatic form) which long ago Thomson, Helmholtz, and other scientists have placed before the world. These facts and hypotheses are absolutely independent of Mr. Allen's views on Energy and Force; only, in our opinion, they are rendered dangerously obscure by being stated in the language of an untenable theory. On the other hand, part i. of the work, entitled "Abstract or Analytic," contains a theory which may not unfairly be described as "diametrically opposed to what is already known."

After carefully considering the nature of Mr. Allen's heresy, with a view to ascertaining how it might be prevented from spon-

taneously generating in the mind of some other student of physics, we believe that its source is to be found in the fact that Mr. Allen has never grasped the real distinction between speed-acceleration and normal or directional acceleration. Was he possibly reared on some obscure teaching with regard to "centrifugal force," and in a badly-printed text-book mistook the letter  $\rho$  (used for the radius of curvature) for the number 2, thus for ever confusing the distinction between kinetic energy and "centrifugal force"? The idea is terrible, but then the disease must also have had a terrible origin; and this, at least, seems the best diagnosis of it. Poor Mr. Allen! How is he to be cured, short of the mediaeval remedy? He asks for a "demonstration of his errors"; but then what is to become of review-writers and readers if every paradox-monger and circle-squarer demands demonstration of his errors in a critique, the chief duty of which is to indicate whether his book is worth reading or not? Yet Mr. Allen deserves some return for the pleasure we have received from him in other lines. He is also unlikely to await us with a horse-whip, which seemed to be the intention of a circle-squarer of Ludgate Hill, to whom we some years ago returned his MS. with the requested demonstration of his folly. Perhaps the best way to cure our author would be to point out the obscurity of his disease by an examination of his definitions, and then ruthlessly apply our knife to the sinews of his system—"inherent forces."

Mr. Grant Allen begins with a definition of "power":

"A POWER is that which initiates or terminates, accelerates or retards, motion in one or more particles of ponderable matter or of the ethereal medium."

The reader will naturally enquire why the word "power," which has a perfectly clear meaning in dynamical science—namely, the "rate of doing work"—should have been deprived of its customary significance and placed where a textbook of twenty years ago would have used the term "force." Our author replies: "Because there are two sorts of powers—forces and energies"; and he defines them as follows:

"A FORCE is a power which initiates or accelerates aggregative motion, while it resists or retards separative motion in two or more particles of ponderable matter (and possibly also of the ethereal medium)."

"An ENERGY is a power which resists or retards aggregative motive, while it initiates or accelerates separative motion in two or more particles of ponderable matter or of the ethereal medium."

Mr. Grant Allen may for his own personal convenience call the "powers" to which he refers force and energy, just as he might have equally well christened them Jack and Gill. No one can object to his own private use of the words. But when he proceeds, in his volume, to use the words he has thus defined in the restatement of the long-established principles of dynamical science, he simply introduces complete nonsense into well-known principles. We are in no way told how he means *quantitatively* to measure the "force" and the "energy" he has thus defined, what functions, accord-

ing to his definitions, they ought to be of mass, and of velocity, and of change of velocity. Yet when he states principles like the dissipation and conservation of energy, his words have no meaning unless the old measures of force and energy are taken. But then if we take the old measures, his definitions of force and energy are absolutely unintelligible. A force in the old sense may "retard aggregative motion or accelerate separative motion," and so be an energy according to the above definition. Further, an energy in the old sense neither resists nor retards motion of any kind. Of kinetic energy—and Mr. Allen apparently includes kinetic energy under his definition—it is merely a measure of existing motion and not in the least of its change. Supposing two trains moving on parallel lines of rail with the same speed, their energy does not fall under Mr. Allen's definition. It is neither "resisting or retarding aggregative motion," nor is it "initiating or accelerating separative motion." In fact, we cannot discover where in the world it would be placed in this new system of dynamic. Yet the statement of the conservation of energy which left this sort of energy out of account would be sheer nonsense. The same amount of energy under the old view may have any direction whatever, and may be that of separative or aggregative motion. A billiard ball may have any amount of energy in the form of translation and spin, but its motion may be "separative" with regard to one pocket and "aggregative" with regard to a second, and neither with regard to a third. All such energy Mr. Allen perforce excludes from his dynamical explanation of the universe, which we cannot help feeling he has built up on the type of motion presented by a stone at the end of a string, the type being accompanied, in Mr. Allen's mind, by a total confusion of kinetic energy and "centrifugal force." When he attempts to get over the energy of the motion of two particles "towards each other" (which he admits does not appear to fit in with his definition) by the introduction of potential energy he falls deeper and deeper into the quagmire. The two particles might be moving towards each other and at the same time towards a position of either lower or higher mutual potential, as the case might be. It is difficult to see how in both cases the total energy could be said to resist "aggregative motion." If Mr. Allen exclaims: What about the "force overcoming energy"? we must beg him to consider how he is going to keep his cake and eat it, to suppose that potential energy "aggregates" and force "separates" the particles! It is an awful quagmire, and woe betide the student who follows our author into it! The history of pseudo-science has yet to be written; but we sadly fear that Mr. Grant Allen will appear in the same chapter with Parallax and Kuklos and the late Mr. Percival Brine.

But, if we cannot so easily forgive Mr. Allen the publication of such heresy, we still may find some excuse for the obscurity which he exhibits. The fact is that the text-books of dynamics have in the past been bad in the superlative; and even to this day the most obscure phrases are to be found with regard to both force and energy. The great fact that we are alone sure of is this: that a particle,

owing to its position with regard to surrounding particles, is having its motion accelerated. Further we have measured experimentally the magnitude of the accelerations for many positions or "fields," and afterwards discovered that certain laws or relations hold between the accelerations so measured. It does not simplify matters to attribute these accelerations to an unknown something—"force"; but there can be no objection to our calling the mass-tensor of acceleration "force," if we please. If force be, therefore, merely the accelerative result of position with regard to surrounding bodies, such a statement as Mr. Allen's, that "the total amount of force or aggregative power in the universe is thus always a fixed quantity," becomes unintelligible—even as unintelligible as the statement upon which he bases it, that "every particle of matter has inherent in it certain forces of which it can never be deprived." The "force" on the particle, or its "force" on other particles, depends on the "field," and is not in the least inherent. Gravitational and electrical accelerations depend on the ethereal field and its contents rather than on the individual particle of matter. Some writers would say that the positional acceleration of any particle depends upon the "strain" and the rate of change of "strain" in the surrounding ether. It is not inherent in the particle itself or in other particles in the field. The word "strain," however, must be cautiously used, or it might be assumed that all scientists were ethereal jelly-makers. But how is this purely kinematic treatment of so-called force to be reconciled with our ideas of potential energy? Possibly in this fashion. Suppose no "inherent forces" in matter, then the total energy of the ethereal system, with all the bodies in it, will be solely kinetic. Now, the expression for the total kinetic energy of the system will most probably, as in the case of a fluid, involve only the translational and surface velocities as well as the relative positions of the bodies in the ether—that is, it will not involve the velocity of the ether at any point unoccupied by matter. Hence, what appears as potential energy in our equations and experiments is only the kinetic energy of the ether expressed in terms of the velocities and relative positions of the bodies in the ether. In forming our equations of motion by the Hamiltonian principle, and considering only the motion of the bodies in the ether without the ether's own motion, there arise terms which represent apparent forces, or real accelerations in the bodies. These accelerations are functions of the velocities and relative positions of the bodies in the ether, or the acceleration of any one body depends on the nature of the surrounding field. Thus, as our knowledge of the ether expands we begin to free ourselves from the old notions of "inherent force" and "potential energy." If the potential energy of a body be only the kinetic energy of the ether measured in an experiment in which the motion of the ether is not sensible, then it is obvious that "inherent force" must disappear into the limbo of past hypotheses. "Force" will become only a convenient name for the mass-tensor of acceleration, which, when we neglect the ether, appears as a function of position in a particular field. And as for mass itself, our ultimate measure of it is invariably a

ratio of accelerations. It is nigh impossible to consider matter as something *inert*. It may not be an ether *vertex-ring* nor a system of such rings, nor a pulsating ether vacuum, nor even an ether squirt from a fourth-dimensioned space; but that it will one day be reduced to motion or to some form of strain-vibration in the ether seems now almost beyond doubt.

But what will poor Mr. Allen do if the progress of science deprives him of "inherent force" and "potential energy" to bolster up his theory? We advise him to do penance at once by writing us a blood-curdling Christmas ghost story, and by promising to entertain no more heresies unless they perchance come from Dublin or Liverpool. Under these conditions he ought to receive dispensation.

KARL PEARSON.

#### PHILOLOGICAL BOOKS.

*Cakuntalā*: Drame Indien. Version Tamoule d'un Texte Sanscrit, traduite en Français, par Gérard Devèze. (Paris: Maisonneuve.) The Tamilians have two kinds of dramatic representation, the *Nādagam* and the *Vilāgam*—the drama and the farce, or light and licentious comedy. This work belongs to the latter class. The Tamil adapter has everywhere introduced grossnesses of expression, and amplified and emphasised all that is voluptuous in the original, so as to pander to the taste of the baser sort. It is a pity to introduce these passages as specimens of Tamil literature, which is ordinarily grave, and almost severe. The Tamil adapter's name is Rāma-Chandra and he was living a few years ago. He was a popular adapter of Sanskrit plays for the Tamil stage. The play of "Kālidāsa" is, of course, known to every reader, and in these translations it has not altogether lost its charm, though the sweetness of the Sanskrit Virgil can only be tasted in the original. The Tamil versification is not without its own merit. It flows easily, is remarkably clear, and decidedly rhythmical, though the contrast between the two styles is like that between "Lycidas" and "The Courtship of Miles Standish." M. Devèze has contented himself with a prose version, which is quite faithful and literal. Notes are necessary for the ordinary reader. We would suggest to M. Devèze, as worthy of his powers, the translation of the "Būla Kānd-am" of Kamban's "Rāmāyanam." A Tamil edition of this, with translation, notes, lexicon, and mythological index, would be worth all the farces with which our Tamil friends delight to indulge their too luxurious fancies.

*Die Maya-Sprachen der Pokom-gruppe. Pt. I. Die Sprache der Pokonchi-Indianer.* By Dr. Otto Stoll. (Vienna.) The "Pokom" languages belong to the great Maya group spoken in Central America, and famous on account of the culture once attained by the speakers of some of them. The Maya Indians were the only inhabitants of America before the Spanish Conquest whose system of writing had advanced beyond the hieroglyphic stage, and if we are ever to decipher their written remains it must be through a knowledge of the Maya dialects which still survive. Dr. Stoll's book is a very conscientious piece of work, and is followed by a useful vocabulary. He shows that the grammar is much more developed and intricate than has hitherto been supposed, and that agglutination as well as polysynthesis has helped to build it up. Prefixes and affixes are both employed. We cannot, however, agree with his preliminary attack on the believers in "skulls," or his return to the old doctrine which appealed to language to decide racial affinities. Ethnology and philology should be

kept apart. But his contributions to "sociological linguistics" will meet with sympathy and welcome on every side. When, for instance, he infers that the institution of the matriarchate was once known to the Maya Indians from the fact that the idea of "parents" is expressed in their languages by the phrase, "My mother and my father," he affords an illustration of the light which an intelligent study of philology is able to cast on the problems of anthropology.

*Wörterbuch der romanischen und deutschen Sprache.* Von Barciuau. I. Romänisch-Deutsch. (Hermannstadt.) There are already in existence one or two large dictionaries of the Roumanian language, but so far there has been no small and portable one. The need is now supplied by the book before us, to which, indeed, we believe the Bucharest publishers will shortly provide a rival. Meanwhile, this book may be of service: certainly, it has proved useful to the present writer. Its main fault seems to be the introduction of words which, though perhaps used by Roumans, are intelligible to any foreigner—*absurditate, a-ministratio, descriptiune*, and the like. Occasionally, the still slightly unsettled spelling causes a difficulty, e.g. *isvor* (source) appears as *isvor*. But, allowing for these and some other defects, the book is certainly worth the notice of those who require a small Roumanian dictionary.

D. José María de Lacoizqueta has recently published at Pamplona in a quarto volume of 200 pages, a "Diccionario de los nombres euskaros de las plantas en correspondencia con los vulgares castellanos y franceses, y científicos latinos."

#### SCIENCE NOTES.

MR. FRANCIS GALTON's new book, which will be published shortly by Messrs. Macmillan, is entitled *Natural Inheritance*. It will be illustrated with drawings and diagrams.

The new part of the *Proceedings* of the Linnean Society of New South Wales (series ii., vol. iii., part ii., April-June, 1888, with eighteen plates, London: Trübner) is of unusual and varied interest. It contains three elaborate memoirs on geographical-anthropological subjects, namely, "Notes on Malaysia and Asia," by the Rev. J. E. T. Woods, extending from Java to the Malayan Archipelago, Southern and Eastern Asia, the Philippines, and Japan; "Notes on the Natives of West Kimberley, North-West Australia," by W. W. Froggatt; and an account of 212 Australian indigenous human food-producing plants, by J. H. Maiden. In Zoology there are three ornithological articles, viz.: "Notes on the Nidification of *Rhipidura Preissi* and *Malurus pulcherrimus*," by A. J. North; "Note on the Egg of a cuckoo, supposed to be *Cacomantis inexpectatus*," by G. Hurst; "Notes on Sympathy and Foster-parentage among Birds," by Oscar Katz. In Ichthyology there are: "Description of a *Tripterygium* from Port Jackson," by Dr. Ramsay and J. D. Ogilby; and a "Note on the Cause of Death of Fishes in the National Park Dam," by J. D. Ogilby. In Reptiles there is an elaborate article on "The Development and Structure of the Pineal Eye in *Hinulia* and *Grammatophora*," by W. J. McKay—the remarkable structure of an eye in the middle of the crown of the head of certain lizards, which was first noticed, quite recently, in the anatomical laboratory at Oxford by Prof. Baldwin Spencer (*Quarterly Journal of the Microscopical Society*, October 1886), is here carefully worked out in the foetal as well as in the perfect animal—also "Notes on Some Ophidians from King's Sound,

North-Western Australia," by William MacLeay. There is also an article on some new and rare *Hydroids* in the Australian museum collection, well illustrated, by W. M. Bale. In Entomology, the first portion of a memoir, by W. MacLeay, on the Coleopterous insects of King's Sound and its vicinity, and notes on Australian Coleoptera, with descriptions of new species, by the Rev. T. Blackburn; also the second portion of Mr. F. A. A. Skuse's "Memoir on the Diptera of Australia," containing the gnats of the family *Sciaridae*, and an interesting note on some living specimens of the curious worm-like *Peripatus Leuckarti*, by J. J. Fletcher. There are also four geological memoirs: (1) "Notes on the Mueller Glacier of New Zealand," with plates, by Capt. F. W. Hutton; (2) "The Occurrence of the genus *Ictyosaurus* in the Mesozoic Rocks of North-Eastern Australia" and (3) "The Occurrence of *Plesiosaurus* in the Mesozoic Rocks of Queensland," both by R. Etheridge, jun.; and (4) "Carboniferous and Silurian Fossils from Central New South Wales," by the Rev. J. M. Curran. Lastly, an account of some chemical experiments with the Cattanach disinfectant and deodorant, as compared with the ordinary carbolic powder, by Oscar Katz.

*Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*, vol. lvii., part ii., Nos. ii. and iii. (Trübner). These two parts of the Natural History division of this old established *Journal* contain (1) elaborate meteorological notes on the recent tornadoes in Bengal, with especial reference to the tornado at Dacca, on April 7, 1888, by Messrs. Alex. Pedler, and Dr. A. Crombie; (2) Description of *Eupetaurus*: a new form of flying squirrel, by Mr. O. Thomas, of the British Museum; (3) Further notes on the Ampipodous Crustacea of Indian Waters, by Mr. G. M. Giles, with 7 plates; (4) Continuation of Mr. Atkinson's Monograph of Indian Heteropterous Rhynchota containing descriptions of 68 species of Pentatomidae.

#### MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

##### ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(Tuesday, Dec. 11.)

FRANCIS GALTON, Esq., President, in the chair.—Dr. J. G. Garson exhibited a new form of anthropometric instrument, specially designed for the use of travellers.—The Rev. Dr. R. H. Codrington read a paper on "Social Regulations in Melanesia." The part of Melanesia in view comprised the Northern New Hebrides, the Banks' Islands, Sta. Cruz, and the South-eastern Solomon Islands. The social regulations which obtain among the people were described from personal observation, and from information given by natives. A considerable portion of the whole subject was thus in view; and with particular differences there is a general agreement, from which a wider likeness throughout the Melanesian population may be inferred. The social regulations dealt with were only those relating (I.) to marriage, and (II.) to property. I. Social Regulations relating to Marriage.—1. The entire arrangement of society depends on the division of the whole people, in every settlement, large or small, into two or more classes, which are exogamous, and in which descent follows the mother. This division comes first of all things in native thought, and all social arrangements are founded upon it. Mankind, to a woman, is divided into husbands and brothers; womankind, to a man, into wives and sisters—at least, on about the same level of descent. Illustration from a story. 2. The members of these divisions are all intermixed in habitation, property, subordination to a chief, and in the well-understood relationship through the father; the divisions, therefore, are not tribes. 3. Examples from two regions—(a) where these divisions are two, as in the Banks' Islands and Northern New Hebrides; (b) where there are more than two, as in Florida, in the Solomon Islands. (a) 1. Where there are two divisions there is no name for either. In Mota

there are two *veve* (distinction); in Lepers' Island two *wai-vung* (bunch of fruit). 2. The divisions are strictly exogamous; irregular intercourse between members of the same is a heinous crime; avoidance of the person and name of father-in-law, &c., is the custom. 3. No communal marriage in practice, or tradition of it; yet a latent consciousness of the meaning of the words used for husband and wife, mother, &c. The story of *Qat* shows individual marriage. The levirate, and practice of giving a wife to set up a nephew in the world. 4. Descent through the mother makes the close relation of sister's son and mother's brother; the son takes his mother's place in the family pedigree. Certain rights of the sister's son with his uncle. The mother is in no sense head of the family. The bridegroom takes his bride into his father's house, if not into his own. 5. A certain practice of couvade prevails. 6. No capture in marriage. Adoption of no importance. (b) 1. In Florida, in the Solomon Islands, and the neighbourhood, is found an example of four or six divisions, called *kema*. In strict exogamy, descent following the mother, and local and political intermixtures, all is the same as in the Banks' Islands. But each *kema* has its name, and each has its *buto*, that which the members of it must abstain from. The names are some local, some taken from living creatures. The *buto* is mostly something that must not be eaten. 2. Question whether totems are present. The bird which gives its name to one *kema* is not the *buto* of it, and it can be eaten. Comparison from the Island of Ulawa. Exceptional condition of part of Malanta and San Cristoval, in the apparent absence of exogamous divisions of the people, and in descent being counted through the father. II. Property and Succession.—A. 1. Land is everywhere divided into (1) the town; (2) the gardens; (3) the bush. Of these, the two first are held in property, the third is unappropriated. 2. Land is not held in common—i.e., each individual knows his own; yet it is rather possession and use for the time of what belongs to the family, and not to the individual. A chief has no more property in the land than any other man. Sale of land was very rare before Europeans came; and sale of land by a chief beyond his own piece is no true sale. Examples at Saa of the fixed native right of property in land. Abundance makes land of little value. 3. Land reclaimed from the bush by an individual, and the site of a town founded on the garden ground of an individual, has a character of its own. 4. Fruit trees planted by one man on another's land remain the property of the planter and his heirs. In a true sale the accurate and particular knowledge of property in land and trees is remarkably shown. 5. Personal property is in money, pigs, canoes, ornaments, &c. B. 1. The regular succession to property is that by which it passes to the sister's son, or to others who are of kin through the mother. 2. But that which a man has acquired for himself he may leave to his sons, or his sons and their heirs may claim. This is the source of many quarrels, the character of a piece of land being forgotten or disputed by the father's kin. 3. Hence a tendency to succession to the father's property by his sons follows on the assertion of paternity, and the occupation of new ground. 4. A man's kin still hold a claim on his personal property; but his sons, who are not his kin, will generally obtain it.—In the absence of the author, Dr. E. B. Tylor read a paper by Mr. A. W. Howitt, on "Australian Message Sticks and Messengers." The use of message sticks is not universal in Australian tribes, and the degree of perfection reached in conveying information by them differs much. Some tribes, such as the Dieri, do not use the message stick at all, but make use of emblematical tokens, such as the net carried by the Pinya, an armed party detailed by the council of headmen of the tribe to execute its sentences upon offenders. Other tribes, such as the Kurnai, use pieces of wood without any markings. Others, again, especially in Eastern Queensland, use message sticks extensively, which are often elaborately marked, highly ornamented, and even brightly painted. No messenger, who was known to be such, was ever injured. The message stick was made by the sender, and was kept by the recipient of the message as a reminder of what he had to do. For friendly meetings the messenger of the Kurnai, of Gippsland, carried a man's kilt and a woman's

apron hung on a reed; but for meetings to settle quarrels or grievances by a set fight, or for hostile purposes generally, the kilt was hung upon the point of a spear. Among the Wotjobaluk of the Wimmera River in Victoria, the principal man among them prepares a message stick by making certain notches upon it with a knife. The man who is to be charged with the message looks on and thus learns the connexion between the marks upon the stick and his message. A notch is made at one end to indicate the sender, and probably notches also for those who join him in sending the message. If all the people of a tribe are invited to attend a meeting, the stick is notched from end to end; if part only are invited, then a portion only of the stick is notched; and if very few people are invited to meet or referred to in the verbal message, then a notch is made for each individual as he is named to the messenger. The messenger carried the stick in a net-bag; and on arriving at the camp to which he was sent, he handed it to the headman at some place apart from the others, saying to him, "So-and-so sends you this," and he then gave his message, referring, as he did so, to the marks on the message stick. The author gave an explanation of the method adopted for indicating numbers, which fully disposes of the idea that the paucity of numerals in the languages of the Australian tribes arises from any inability to conceive of more numbers than two, three, or four. A messenger of death painted his face with pipe-clay when he set out, but did not in this tribe carry any emblematical token. Among the Wirajuri of New South Wales, when the message was one calling the people together for initiation ceremonies, the messenger carried a "bull-roarer," a man's belt, a man's kilt, a bead string, and a white head band, in addition to the message stick. In New South Wales, the Kaiabara tribe use message sticks cut in the form of a boomerang, to one end of which a shell is tied. As a rule the notches on a message stick are only reminders to the messenger of the message he is instructed to deliver, and are unintelligible to a man to whom they have not been explained. But certain notches appear to have a definite meaning, and to indicate different classes; and among the Adjadura there is an approach to a fixed rule, according to which these sticks are marked, so that they would convey a certain amount of meaning definitely to an Adjadura headman independently of any verbal message.

SHELLEY SOCIETY.—(Wednesday, Dec. 12.)

Dr. F. J. FURNIVALL in the chair.—Mr. H. S. Salt read a paper on "Hogg's Life of Shelley." Hogg may be likened to Boswell; both were fools in comparison with the men whose lives they wrote, yet each had the faculty of discerning the worth of his hero. Hogg was a rough diamond, whose main aim in life was to get on, be comfortable, eat good dinners; yet he recognised in Shelley the "divine poet," though he considered him also "a poor fellow." Hogg first knew Shelley in 1810. A break-through Hogg's misconduct to Harriet, Shelley's first wife—took place in 1811; but from 1812 to 1818 they were friends, saw one another, and corresponded. Four years after Shelley's death, Hogg, in 1826, nominally married Jane Williams, who had been deserted by her rascally husband before she and Capt. Williams were with Shelley at Spezzia. In 1832-3, Hogg wrote his magazine articles on Shelley, which, with all their drawbacks, are the best and most vivid bits of Shelley biography we have. Doubtless, the editor, Bulwer Lytton, cut out of the articles many of the details of Hogg's personal experiences which spoilt his after *Life of Shelley*. After Mary Shelley's death in 1851, the Shelley family entrusted to Hogg all their materials, in order that he might write Shelley's life. In 1858 he brought out the two first volumes of it; and, to the disgust of the family, and of all lovers of Shelley, they found that Hogg had taken it into his head that Shelley's life and genius could be best illustrated by a narrative of Hogg's own personal experiences, especially of the shocking bad dinners and teas he had on certain occasions, and the great refinement that he—an utter vulgarian—possessed. He gave fifteen pages to a visit of his own to Stonehenge in 1811; three pages to a visit to Ireland in 1813, with an account of the

breakfast he was balked of at Conway. Shelley of course was of no consequence in comparison with Hogg and his stomach. Moreover, Hogg minimised every part of Shelley's life in which he himself was not concerned. He took no trouble to get information from outside. He often did not tell the truth. He invented dialogues that took place twenty-two years earlier. He was wrong about the composition of *Margaret Nicholson*, and about Shelley having no newspapers at Oxford, also about his dismissal from college. Hogg misrepresented entirely the notice of Shelley's removal to Keswick in 1811 from York. It was due to Hogg's impropriety towards Harriet during Shelley's absence. Hogg sets the charge down to mere whim, and declares that Shelley wanted him to go with them; but he decided to stop and work at his law at York. He also alters the date of the Duke of Norfolk's invitation to Shelley to come to Greystoke. Hogg's principle was to tell a lie, tell a good one, and stick to it. In the "Richard II." anecdote of the old woman and onions inside the coach, and in his account of Tanyralt and of Hookham, Hogg was also wrong. Hogg's own travels of 1827 show what a dull dog he was. His vulgarity he was evidently unaware of; but, after all deductions, Hogg's portrait of Shelley is still the best we have.—Dr. Furnivall, Mr. Revell, Mr. Tegetmeier, Mrs. Simpson and others joined in the discussion.

FINE ART.

SOME NEW PRINTS.

As a specimen of the modern development of the art of etching in the interpretation of pictures a recent publication of Messrs. Shepherd, of which they have sent us an artist's proof, may be taken as exemplary. It is after a picture by Old Crome, and its subject is a view on the Yare, with a windmill seen at even-tide against a bold rolling sky. The composition is simple and grand, and thoroughly characteristic of the Norfolk artist's power of dignifying familiar aspects of nature. Except that one of the cloud-forms is a little too marked in its dark rotundity, the sky sweeps majestically across the picture, massive but light, dark but luminous, broad but finely broken; and beneath it the land and water lie under a bold and effective distribution of light and shade. The plate is a triumph of sympathetic interpretation by Mr. William Hole, and fully bears out the promise of his etchings of French and Dutch pictures in the splendid Catalogue of the collection of modern continental landscape at the Edinburgh Exhibition of 1886. Here, but on a much larger scale, Mr. Hole has shown the same, if not greater, power, and has proved that he can grasp Crome as firmly and tenderly as be grasped such different individualities, as Corot and Rousseau. Not least of the properties of this etching is its force. By great variety and dexterity of touch he has given us the very handling of the master; but the total effect is still more surprising, for it is that of a rich and solid painting in oil. How much of this is due to paper and ink and the art of the printer we need not here inquire, but the result is most successful.

We have received from Messrs. Buck & Reid a proof of a mezzotint engraving by Mr. Edward Slocombe after Miss Florence Graham's picture of "Little Nell." She is seated in the Old Curiosity Shop watching "the people as they pass up and down the street, or appeared at the windows of the opposite houses; wondering whether those rooms were as lonesome as that in which she sat." Miss Graham's "Little Nell" is not quite so little or quite so young as we usually see her in pictures. But there is a pretty pensiveness in her attitude and expression, which is quite in character with Dickens's pathetic conception; and Mr. Slocombe's engraving is rich in tone.

LETTER FROM EGYPT.

Cairo: Dec. 18, 1888.

AN attempt is at last being made to relieve the Egyptian Treasury of part of the expense entailed by the preservation of the ancient monuments of the country. Visitors to the Boulaq Museum, which is now closed on Monday instead of Friday, are required to pay an entrance fee of one shilling on all days except Tuesday; and none of the monuments of Upper Egypt which are under the care of guardians appointed by the government can any longer be seen except by persons provided with a ticket of admission for which £1 is charged. Whether the latter regulation will long continue in force seems to me doubtful. In a country like this a little *baksheesh* will always effect an entrance to a monument even though the ticket of admission be wanting, and it will not be long before the ordinary tourist discovers the fact. Meanwhile, however, a certain number of tickets will have been sold; and, during this season at least, something will have been contributed by the stranger toward the preservation of the monuments he comes to see.

The Museum will probably be moved before very long to a new site. In its present position, its priceless treasures are exposed to the damp of the river, which has already caused injury to some of them, while the collection has long since outgrown the limited space allotted to it. How any room at all can still be found for the new objects that are constantly arriving is a matter for wonder. In the Palace of Gizeh, to which it is proposed to transfer the collections, neither of these two drawbacks will exist. Space will be abundant, and the antiquities will be beyond the reach of the damp.

Several changes have been made in the arrangement of the objects exposed to view in the Museum, which have been necessitated, for the most part, by the need of finding room for the new acquisitions. Thus the well-known jewellery of Queen Aah-hotep has been removed from its old case, which has been given up to the portraits discovered by Mr. Flinders Petrie in the Fayum. The monuments of the Old Empire have been increased by five stone statues found last summer by the fellahin at Sakkârah. One of them, a statue of Khephren, of the Fourth Dynasty, is of semi-transparent alabaster. Three of the others represent Mykerinos, Men-kau-hor, and Ra-n-user of the Fifth Dynasty.

The cuneiform tablets from Tel-el-Amarna have been placed in a temporary case near the entrance to the Museum. One of those which I have copied is a letter from Tarkhundara(s), king of the country of Arzapi, to "Nimutriya" or Amenophis III., "King of Egypt." Arzapi may be the Rezeph of the Old Testament (2 Kings xix. 12), which was situated in Northern Mesopotamia. At all events, the name of its prince reminds us of the Hittite names, Tarkhu-lara, Tarkhu-nazi, and Tarkondemos. The letter begins in the usual way:

"To Nimutriya the great king, the king of the land of Mitari, the letter of Tarkhundara(s), the king of the land of Arzapi: I am prosperous man; my houses, my wives, my children, the officers of my armies, my horses, my chariots, and my territories be abundantly prosperous."

After wishing similar prosperity to the Egyptian monarch, the letter goes on to state that a certain Irsappa had acted as ambassador on behalf of a marriage between the writer and "the daughter of my Sun-god," the Egyptian king, and then recounts the various gifts which seem to have been given in exchange for her. The chief interest of the letter lies in the fact that it is partially written in Akkadian, or rather in a form of Akkadian. Thus the pronouns "my" and "thy" are represented by

*mi* and *tu*, *ti* and *tim*, "may it prosper," by *khu-man-sakh-in* (written *khu-u-ma-an-sakh-in*), and "upon" is expressed by *match* instead of *muikh*. If other texts of the same character exist, they will probably throw light on the question as to how long the Akkadian language continued to be spoken.

Another letter I have copied runs as follows:

"To the king of Egypt my lord I speak by letter, I the king of the country of Alasiya, thy brother. I am at peace, and unto thee may there be peace! To thy house, thy daughters, thy sons, thy wives, thy chariots and thy horses and in thy country of Egypt may there be profound peace! O my brother, my envoy has watchfully directed the *labourers* (?) and has heard thy offer of alliance. He is my minister (*damgar*), O my brother; watchfully has he directed the *labourers* (?) [But] he did not repair my ship for thee; he did not come along with them."

To this letter is attached a docket in hieratic Egyptian, which reads "The correspondence of the prince of the land of Alosa." This confirms the identification of the country of Alasiya with the Syrian district of Alosa, which has been proposed by Mr. Tomkins.

Two small tablets, in an unusually good state of preservation, contain despatches from two officers, named *Dasru* and *Samu-Dadu*, "the *limmu* of the city of Samkhuna." Another despatch begins as follows:

"To the king, my lord, I speak by letter, I, *Kuzyapiza*, thy servant, the dust beneath thy feet, and the ground whereon thou treadest (*kapasi-ka*), the throne whereon thou sittest, the footstool (*gastabbi*) of thy feet; at the feet of the king, my lord, the Sun-god of *limma*, seven times by seven times I prostrate myself."

I may add that in one of these tablets the ideographic *TA-A-AN*, "times," is phonetically written *mini*.

Another despatch, which makes mention of "Aziru and Yapa-Dadu," refers to "the country of Tarkumiya" as well as to the kings of Mitana, Tarkus, and Khata, or the Hittites. This despatch is written by a certain *Banningar-rabi*; but another in a similar handwriting, and on similarly coloured clay, in which Yapa-Dadu again figures, is the production of *Rib-Dadu*, a scribe apparently of Syrian origin. The first despatch relates to a campaign against the city of Khummura.

Perhaps one of the most interesting of these ancient documents is a letter from Aziru to his father *Dudu*, relating to the garden he had been laying out in the vicinity of the royal palace. It begins as follows:

"To *Dudu*, my lord and father, I speak, I, Aziru, thy son and servant; at the feet of my father I prostrate myself; unto the feet of my father may there be peace;"

and it concludes with the words:

"I am the servant of the king my lord [who] from the word of mouth of the king my lord [and] from the word of mouth of *Dudu* my father observe [everything] until his return . . . then let me come to thee."

*Dudu* is the same name as the *Dodo*, or *David*, of the Old Testament; and it is interesting to find it borne by a high official at the court of the Pharaoh in the century before the Exodus.

Mr. Petrie has just begun work at Illahun, though the main part of his attention is still occupied with *Howara*, where the task of forcing an entrance through the solid blocks which form the tomb of *Amen-m-hath* has proved a more arduous labour than he at first anticipated.

A. H. SAYCE.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### "KHIAN" AND "NEKHTNEBEF."

British Museum: Dec. 17, 1888.

May I ask you to kindly spare a little space for two retractions of my own statements?

1. The cylinder of Khian at Athens (ACADEMY, No. 851, p. 124) does not read *Kh* clearly. My hand-copy was a bad one. Fortunately I took an impression of it, and from this Mr. Petrie will publish the true reading in his Book of Scarabs.

2. I may have been too hasty in reading the name of Nekhtnebef on the decan-shrine of the Louvre (*Babylonian and Oriental Record*, vol. ii., No. 3). The cartouche, I fear, is illegible.

I will not add any further explanation. When a mistake of fact has once got into print, all that can be done is to acknowledge it as speedily as possible.

F. L. GRIFFITH.

#### NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE exhibition of relics, &c., associated with the Royal Family of the Stuarts—from Mary Queen of Scots to the Young Pretender—which has been got together by an influential committee, with the Earl of Ashburnham as chairman, will be opened on Monday next, December 31, in the New Gallery, Regent Street.

THE winter exhibition of Old Masters and Deceased British Artists, at Burlington House, will open to the public on the following Monday, January 7; the private view is on Saturday next.

MR. W. GRIGGS is preparing for publication Part III. of *Notes on Early Persian Lustre Ware*, by Mr. Henry Wallis. This part concludes the study of the precursors in the history of Persian ceramic art. The illustrations will include examples from the British Museum, the South Kensington Museum, the Louvre, the Royal Kunstmuseum at Berlin, the Museum of the National Porcelain Manufactory at Sèvres, &c., and will show that the art of lustre ornamentation was practised at a much earlier period than has been hitherto supposed.

M. LUDWIG PIETSCH's splendid volumes commemorating the Centenary Festival of the Royal Academy of Arts at Berlin, have been translated by N. D'Anvers (Mrs. Arthur Bell) and published by Messrs. George Bell & Sons. The English edition of this fully and finely illustrated book is limited to 200 copies.

A SERIES of twelve sepia drawings by the late Thomas Stothard have just been added to the permanent art collections in the Nottingham Castle Museum, the gift of Mr. Felix Joseph. Stothard was famous for his illustrations of novels, &c. Such books as *Sir Charles Grandison*, *Don Quixote*, *The Invisible Spy*, and many others, were embellished by his prolific pencil. The Nottingham Museum now contains a large number of Stothard drawings, all presented by Mr. Joseph.

IN the few old-fashioned country songs which Mr. Heywood Sumner has collected, under the title of one of them, *The Besom-maker* (Longmans), and which he has most quaintly and charmingly illustrated, there does remain, as the collector hopes, "a true echo of the country." And we are delighted to be able to add that the songs have inspired Mr. Sumner to his prettiest efforts in invention and draughtsmanship. In the woodcuts which crowd his pages there is an unwonted economy of means and significance of line. A rural grace—a little idyllic, yet sturdy—resides in his figures. There is spaciousness and peace in his landscape; a sense of air over his wide ploughed lands. It is a dainty and desirable little book, and the wise should buy it.

#### AMERICAN JOTTINGS.

WITH the present winter the American School of Classical Studies at Athens begins its seventh year, and has, for the first time, entered into possession of the new building on the slopes of Lekabettos. The proposed appointment of Dr. Charles Waldstein as director for a term of five years has fallen through, owing to the failure to provide a permanent endowment. The annual director for the present year is Prof. Frank B. Tarbell, of Yale, who visited Greece in 1880, and spent last winter studying at Berlin. Of the students, one is a lady graduate of Wellesley College.

Dr. F. B. GODDARD—who took his degree of Ph.D. at Harvard, and who is known by a paper in the *American Journal of Philology* on "The Cyrenaica"—has been appointed American student in connexion with the Egypt Exploration Fund, the subscription for his support having been raised mainly through the exertions of the Rev. Dr. William C. Winslow.

THERE is now on view at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts an exhibition of prints by Albert Dürer, numbering about 280 in all, selected mainly from the collection of Mr. Henry F. Sewall, of New York, and from the Gray collection belonging to Harvard College. There are also eight original drawings by Dürer in colour, crayon, or tempura, which were purchased at the recent sale of the Franck collection at Gratz. As on previous occasions of these special exhibitions, an elaborate and scholarly catalogue has been compiled by Mr. S. R. Koehler, curator of the print department of the museum, which we commend to all Dürer students.

THE first exhibition of the Society of American Etchers has just been held at New York. The object of the society is to raise the etcher's art in America, and also to limit the number of impressions. The exhibition consisted of only fifteen plates, original and reproductions. The etchers represented include Mr. William Sartain, Mr. C. A. Platt, and Messrs. Nimmo and Thomas Moran.

THE September number of the *American Journal of Archaeology* (London: Trübner) opens with a short paper by the editors, defending themselves against the charge of neglecting the archaeology of America. Among the other contents are—a third instalment of Prof. W. M. Ramsay's epigraphical notes on the antiquities of Southern Phrygia; "The Ancient Coinage of China," with two plates, by the Rev. W. S. Ament, who has formed a collection of some 1200 specimens; an identification of the sites of Gargara, Lamponia, and Ponia in the Troad, by Mr. Joseph Thacher Clarke, well-known in connexion with the exploration of Aosos; and some inventories of religious offerings at Rome in the middle ages, by Mr. A. L. Frothingham, junr.

#### THE STAGE.

##### THE YEAR AT THE THEATRES.

THE reasonably cultivated person, with some interest in the theatre, cannot base a very sanguine view of its prospects on the proceedings of the year that is past. To be hopeful at all, he must be willing to remember as accidental and temporary what may well have seemed in the first place in the light of a dulness not susceptible of discount. What revelation has the year made to us of new dramatists? What masterpiece has been vouchsafed to us by dramatists already accepted? Where is our new actor of tragedy—the actor of the generation that is to follow

the generation of Mr. Irving? To these questions we should be glad to be able to return a more satisfactory answer than any that is now possible.

In the matter of dramatists, Mr. Pinero is the person who has made the most distinct advance, for in "Sweet Lavender" he has discovered a vein of gentle pathos lying beside his vein of wit. Mr. Sydney Grundy—from whom much may yet be expected—has done less well this year than of old time; and Mr. Jones, though he has something in store, happens, since "Heart of Hearts," to have given us nothing. From Mr. Buchanan we have received adaptations, and await original work. Mr. Pettitt has bestowed upon us with lavish hand pure melodrama. Mr. Gilbert, in "The Yeomen of the Guard," has been ingenious in versification, and in "Brantingham Hall," with all its deficiencies, he has been observant of life and inventive of comedy. Mr. Haddon Chambers, Mr. Lart, Mr. Jerome, and Mr. Calmour are probably the chief of the younger men. Did Mr. Jerome—with the best intentions in the world—quite succeed in giving to his adaptation of François Coppée's "Luthier de Crémone" the full poetic flavour? Did Mr. Calmour—who unquestionably has his merits—show in "The Widow Winsome" any great creative power or the possession of any deep entrance into the thoughts and ways of the eighteenth century? Mr. Haddon Chambers has scored one popular success, and is capable of better than that. Mr. Lart, in "The Monk's Room," hardly contrived to disengage a somewhat feeble element of comedy from his undoubtedly qualities of dramatic construction and of a praiseworthy fearlessness in the employment of a poetic and unconventional tongue. I have named now several respectable and a few justly honoured names. But does not the paucity of them, and, yet more, their rank in relation to the best names one could name in narrative fiction, suggest the existence of a barrier which yet somehow imperceptibly divides, in many cases, the literary artist from the stage? For myself, I think there is more than one barrier. There is the barrier of the difficulty of dramatic construction—a craft more mechanical, perhaps, but still more difficult than that of plot construction for a novel. There is the barrier, too, created by the knowledge that it is not to a public of the writer's, but to a public of the actor's, that the dramatist's work is addressed; that therefore it is hardly to be conducted on the lines which appeal to the judges of literature—it must be conducted on lines which appeal now to the conventionalities of the dress circle, now to the rudeness of perception which men find in a gallery which hisses even the most intelligent of villains, and now to the self-satisfied after-dinner stupidity which ensconces itself in the stalls.

Our better-known actors remain in position much what they were last year. One or two of them, perhaps, set increasingly to their juniors an example which it is fatal to the artistic career of those juniors to follow—an example of merely fashionable ambition: the wish to pose as society-people who are kind enough to be players, while they should really be players received in society only in virtue of excellence in their art. But with these

affectations—whether of the eminent or of the petty—we do not need to be concerned. That they are ludicrous is already, I take it, beginning to be recognised. But what is our real progress? Mr. Irving—so generous in management, and in his art of acting so finished and so finely imaginative—has not, I think, come before us in a single new part. Mr. Wilson Barrett has been too much in the provinces. In London he has given us but the picturesque interpretation of his rôle in "The Ben my Chree." Mr. Willard was as admirable in "The Monk's Room" as he had been in "Christina." We await, of course, his maturer rendering of characters on which an earlier generation long ago stamped its hall-mark of importance. It is probable that the playgoers of our time will yet be very greatly his debtors. Mr. Thorne's best creation has been that delightful one of the eighteenth-century person. One or two impersonations in high comedy by Mr. Rutland Barrington ought not to be forgotten, nor the circumstance that Mr. Beerbohm Tree manages at all costs to be striking, and is sometimes very satisfactory. The charm of temperament, and something that is very like genius—are they not almost one?—give to Mr. Edward Terry's performance in "Sweet Lavender" a special interest and value. Among the younger men Mr. Somerset, Mr. Nutcombe Gould, Mr. Bernard Gould, Mr. Charrington, and Mr. Ivan Watson may, perhaps, not unfairly be singled out as giving some measure of promise to the stage of the future.

It happens that to a larger number of young women of real ability have important parts been assigned in runs long or short—of young women, I mean, on whom the favour of the public (though it has not been withheld from them) has not yet been bestowed as richly as it has upon Miss Ellen Terry or Mrs. Kendal, or—to mention such accepted favourites as are the juniors of these heads of the stage—as it has upon Miss Mary Rorke, Miss Kate Rorke, and Miss Alma Murray. Thus it is within the limits of the year, I think, that Miss Janet Achurch gave us a performance of Desdemona engaging in the last degree and astonishingly vivid—about the freshest and the latest light that has been shed upon the poetic drama. It was but last spring that Miss Annie Hughes showed how a big young lady could play a little boy without reminding us too much of Cherubim, or of a prince in a pantomime. If this refined young actress could, "by taking thought," have lessened her stature by a "cubit," her performance of the little Lord Fauntleroy would have been what Vera Beringer's is to-day—almost ideal. It was only in the summer that Miss Calhoun gave us her graceful Hester Prynne. Then—not to prolong the list too much—we have Miss Julia Neilson, in whom Mr. Gilbert is certainly not alone in discovering distinction and high aptitudes; Miss Olga Nethersole, who, in a very strong part, did nothing to astound indeed, but did all with a smoothness and an adequacy very rare in a beginner; and—may one not add?—Miss Marion Lea, whose wicked young woman in the piece at the Globe was lacking only in vileness, and not in finish or force. While in the case of our actors—notwithstanding the excellence of the younger men whom I have named—it

is still the achievements of the more established favourites that have constituted the events of the year. In the case of our actresses it is certainly not Mrs. Kendal nor Miss Terry, but those rather who must some day succeed to their places, who have done, during the last twelve months, the things one is most obliged to remember. Herein, undoubtedly, resides one of the few elements of promise of which the not too sanguine student may reasonably take note.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

#### STAGE NOTES.

MR. CHARLES POND's first dramatic recital took place at Prince's Hall last Wednesday week, December 19. In the first part of the programme Mr. Pond recited several scenes from the "Merchant of Venice" and "Hamlet." His rendering was always intelligent, and showed great powers of memory; but a somewhat too rapid delivery, which is easily corrected, detracted from the undoubtedly clever performance. The second part of the programme included Mr. F. Anstey's burlesque poems, "Burglar Bill" and the "Coster's Conversion," both of which went extremely well, especially the latter. The keen sense of humour displayed by Mr. Pond did full justice to the laughter-provoking capacities of the pieces. The musical portion of the entertainment was in the hands of Herr Hans Wessely, the Hungarian violinist, and Miss Kate Ellenberger. Miss Winterton and Mr. Maltby contributed some songs. Mr. Pond announces three more recitals at Prince's Hall, the next to take place on January 23.

A SILVER salver has been presented by a number of old Westminsters to Mr. E. Gilbert Highton, in recognition of his devotion for many years to the training of successive casts for the Westminster Latin Play, and to the perfecting of its representation from a dramatic point of view. The presentation took place at the house of Canon Harford, in Dean's Yard. The salver—in the centre of which are the arms of Westminster School, and above them those of Mr. Gilbert Highton—bears the following Latin inscription:

"Edwardo Gilberto Highton, A.M., Cantab et Oxon, per annos xxv. Ludi Westmonasteriensis fautori amico, magistro, Terentii sui studiosi studiosissimo d. d. Scholae Regiae Westmonasteriensis alumni ipsius olim in arte scaenica discipuli A. S., MDCCCLXXXVIII."

#### MUSIC.

##### MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

*Letters of Felix Mendelssohn to Ignaz and Charlotte Moscheles.* Translated and edited by Felix Moscheles. In 2 vols. (Triibner.) In 1824 Moscheles, the foremost pianist of the day, was giving concerts in the principal cities of Germany. At Berlin he met young Mendelssohn, and gave him lessons for six weeks. The teacher was just double the age of the pupil—Moscheles being thirty, Mendelssohn fifteen years old. The former scarcely regarded him as a pupil, for in his diary, in reference to the lessons, he wrote:—"I am quite aware that I am sitting next to a master, not a pupil." A friendship soon sprang up between the two, which proved to be a lasting one. Mendelssohn's first letter to Moscheles bears date November 28, 1826, and the last October 7, 1847. Within a month from the letter Moscheles "pressed one last kiss on that noble forehead before it grew cold in the damp dew of death."

The letters exchanged between the two are full of homely chit-chat; and it is this private

character which makes them so fresh and attractive. There are also the letters to and from Mrs. Moscheles—only five years his senior—and these are no less charming. When Mendelssohn visited London, the Moscheles' house was his home. In 1841 he writes:—

"DEAR MRS. MOSCHELES,—What a delightful letter of yours that was I received the day before yesterday, beside the singing tea-urn, and taking me straight to Chester Place."

And again in the same letter—

"And how are your children? Does Emily keep up her playing? Does she compose? And does Felix drop down all of a heap in his popular character of the dead man?"

Mendelssohn stood godfather to Moscheles' son Felix, and it was on the occasion of the birth of the son and heir that he wrote his graceful "Cradle Song." In a letter to Mrs. Moscheles he enclosed a clever drawing—a cradle surrounded by musical instruments, with the following:

"The first present his godfather makes him is the above entire orchestra; it is to accompany him through life—the trumpets when he wishes to become famous, the flutes when he falls in love, the cymbals (the German word has the double meaning of 'cymbals' and 'basin') when he grows a beard; the pianoforte explains itself; should people ever play him false, as will happen to the best of us, there stand the kettledrums and the big drum in the background."

We could go on giving extracts to prove how firm was the friendship between the two families; for when Mendelssohn married Cécile Jeanrenaud in 1837, she, too, shared her husband's love and admiration for Ignaz and Charlotte Moscheles. But those who may read the book will not care to have all the best bits told to them beforehand. Let us then pass on to one or two points of interest to musicians.

In the course of the correspondence—although, for the most part, the letters are confined to matters specially connected with the one or the other writer—we meet with allusions to some of Mendelssohn's famous contemporaries. And the *sans gène* of the remarks makes them particularly poignant. Mendelssohn does not like the "sort of stuff" which Liszt writes, and "what Heller and Berlioz write is not music either." He is particularly hard on Berlioz, of whom he says: "His orchestration is such a frightful muddle, such an incongruous mess, that one ought to wash one's hands after handling one of his scores." Fortunately there were other illustrious musicians living at that time who could better appreciate the genius of the French composer. Mendelssohn finds a book of Mazurkas by Chopin "mannered." His studies "have much charm for me, although there is a good deal in them that appears unscholarlike to me." It would be curious to know what Mendelssohn thought of the chain of consecutive fifths in the C sharp minor Mazurka (Op. 30, No. 4). There is, we believe, only one mention of Schumann, but that is by Moscheles. In 1835 he writes of meeting "a retiring but interesting young man, Robert Schumann."

The immense popularity of Mendelssohn's music, and in particular of his "Songs without Words" and the "Elijah," in England at the present day, makes the following facts somewhat astonishing. The first book of the Songs without Words, under the title of "Melodies for the Pianoforte," was published by the firm of Novello, in 1832. The composer was to receive a royalty on each copy sold. On June 11, 1833, he received £4 16s., for forty-eight copies. Four years after publication only 114 copies had been disposed of.

In 1846 Mendelssohn wrote to Moscheles respecting the "Elijah": "What do you think I ought to ask for it in England?"

Moscheles feels some responsibility about advising him in the matter. He proposes, however, that he should ask £50 more than he did for the "Hymn of Praise." For that work Mendelssohn received only £25. However, the Novello firm ultimately bought the copyright of "Elijah" for 250 guineas—a ridiculously small sum.

The letters are introduced by an interesting preface written by Felix Moscheles. He was only fifteen when the composer died; yet he can recall Mendelssohn in his father's home, "playing and singing some new numbers just composed for the 'Elijah.'" And he remembers how Mendelssohn, in the middle of a lively discussion about art with Rietz, David, and his father, suddenly startled him with the unexpected question: "What is the *aoristus primus* of *rēnēw*, Felix?"

The volume contains portraits and facsimiles of Mendelssohn's drawings, compositions, and of many humorous notes. The work is dedicated to Sir G. Grove, "the truest friend to music and musicians."

*Mendelssohn.* By J. Cuthbert Hadden. (W. H. Allen.) This is the second of the series of "Biographies of Great Composers." The first was a *Life of Handel*, which was carefully written. The author has again taken great pains to be exact in his statements. There are, however, one or two little slips. For example, the *Sonata* for pianoforte and violin (Op. 4) is described as a *Violin Sonata*. Mendelssohn is said to have employed a novel musical form—a *Scherzo* in two-four time. There is, however, at least one written by Bach in the same time. Mr. Hadden reminds us that he had much to tell, but little space in which to tell it. His work is, however, something more than a condensed statement of facts and figures. A catalogue is given of Mendelssohn's works, and there is a useful index for reference.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

#### MUSIC NOTES.

MR. DANNREUTHER will give his four annual musical evenings on January 17 and 31, and February 14 and 28. At the first an Octet for strings and horns, by Mr. H. Holmes, will be produced; and at the third a new *Sonata* in D for pianoforte and violin, by Dr. C. H. H. Parry. The programmes of the four concerts include pianoforte trios by Beethoven, Brahms, Rheinberger, and Dr. Parry; and also pianoforte solos and songs.

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